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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her Second Husband, the Hon. George Berkeley; from 1712 to 1767. With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1824. J. Murray.

It is not long since we had the satisfaction of reviewing the Correspondence of Mary Lepell, Lady Hervey, the Cotemporary and companion of Lady Suffolk; and we rejoice to have another and an excellent opportunity of resorting to a work of the same class. We look upon them as the lights and correctives of history; and, in the present instance, of history not so remote as to possess little interest, but, on the contrary, so near as to touch the very generation in which we live. And yet, what a contrast to existing manners do these volumes present! Surely, if we have not become more virtuous, we have become more decorous: in language and outward appearances, at least, we are improved. And, perhaps, this is all; for human nature is pretty much the same in all ages. Yet we cannot help wondering to see the Wits and Beauties, of what is called the Augustan period of our literature, using expressions and making allusions which would almost shock the delicacy of Billingsgate, and certainly offend the moral sentiments of St. Giles—ladies and gentlemen, countesses and courtiers, wives and warriors, maid-s of honour and statesmen, corresponding in a style beyond what now appears in the lowest cases of crim. con. or seduction. The editor of these papers, who has performed his office admirably, has, indeed, weeded them of many pruriences; but still he could not help leaving enough to force these conclusions upon us, and excite our astonishment at the great change which has taken place within so very few years.

A biography of Lady Suffolk is prefixed. She was a Hobart, born about 1688, and sister to the first Earl of Buckinghamshire. Unhappily married to a Howard, on the accession of the house of Hanover, to which they had attached themselves, she received a high appointment in the household of the prince, and the writers of the day impute to her a connexion with him of a closer nature. At all events, it led to a public rupture with her husband; but as these affairs are known to all readers from the works of Walpole, Lady Mary Montagu, &c. &c. we shall simply observe, that she retained considerable influence at the court of George the Second; on the death of her lord married George Berkeley—finally retired to Marble Hall, near Richmond, and, in the society of the poets, literati, and shining men of the age, spent the latter years of her life very happily, and died in 1767.

Having said thus much briefly in the way of introduction, we shall proceed to make a few extracts for our present Number, selecting those which are most allied to literature, or characteristic of the times: but feeling that almost every letter is curious enough to

merit notice, and that the remarks of the editor, to which we have already referred, would, of themselves, form a delightful body of criticism and historical illustration—we will therefore begin with his excellent Notes on the first letters in the collection, written by the poet Gay, and the famous Lord Peterborough.

"Gay, beloved by every body, was supposed to be especially patronized by Mrs. Howard; but that patronage (and perhaps some indiscretions of the simple bard himself) ensured him, *it is said*, the disfavour of Queen Caroline, and the opposition of Sir Robert Walpole. Swift, displeased with Mrs. Howard on his own account, affected to quarrel with her for her imputed neglect of poor Gay. Lady Betty Germain—in two excellent letters printed amongst those of Pope and Swift—defended the sincerity of Mrs. Howard; but it was not till after the death of both the queen and George II. that it was fully known how little was the influence of the favourite, and how absolute that of the queen. But, after all, there is reason to doubt whether Gay's grievances were not overrated. His Tory friends, who did not choose to avow their own cause of quarrel against Walpole and the queen, were not unwilling to make a pretext of his. Let us endeavour to set right a point of literary history. Gay, far from being persecuted, appears to have been favoured by people in power. He was selected in 1714 to be secretary of the mission which conveyed to the Brunswick family the news of the illness of Queen Anne, and of its own approaching accession. Gay's friends confess that his own awkwardness and simplicity threw away this opportunity of recommending himself; and the truth is, that "in simplicity a child," he was wholly incapable of business. In 1724 we find him publicly and actively patronised by the prince's court. In 1727, on the accession of George II. he was offered the situation of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses. This office, Gay—under the advice of his friends—refused as an indignity. Where the indignity was not easily discovered; the kind of place fit for Gay was a small sinecure which might afford him bread, and leave him leisure for his literary pursuits; and such was the office proposed to him; for one of higher and more important duties his temper and habits incapacitated him; nor does it seem such a violent *indignity* that he, whose greatest merit at that time was his "Fables," written for one royal child, should have been appointed to a nominal office about another royal child. But a most important fact has not hitherto been noticed by any of Gay's biographers; though traces of it are to be found in his correspondence. He was, in 1722, during the height of Walpole's power, appointed a *commissioner of the lottery*,—a place in the minister's immediate gift, of respectable emolument and little labour. It is true that his name was omitted from the commission in 1731, but surely that might have been fairly

expected (even if his state of health did not account for the omission) after the publication of *The Beggar's Opera*, which he professedly wrote as a satire on the court, and on Walpole and Lord Townshend personally: and it is painful to find a man of Gay's talents expressing himself in the style of a mere party hireling.—"It is my hard fate," he says to Pope,—in allusion to the *fables* written for the prince, and *The Beggar's Opera*, written against the court;—"it is my hard fate that I must get nothing, whether I write for them or against them."

"On the whole, then, it seems, that the abuse which has been so long and so largely lavished on Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, and Mrs. Howard, for neglect or persecution of poor Gay, is undeserved, and particularly by the last. Gay was born in 1689, and died in December 1732."

"Charles Mordaunt, first Earl of Monmouth and third Earl Peterborough, so well known for his romantic courage and adventures, has been also celebrated as 'one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand bon mots and idle verses, which painful compilers gather or hoard till the owners stare to find them as authors.' To these, and still higher praise, Walpole adds, that 'four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's.' The pleasure, therefore, of finding in the Suffolk papers above forty letters of this British Amadis was, at first sight, very great; but it must be confessed that they appear, on inspection, little worthy of his reputation, and least of all worthy of the character of *careless wit and negligent grace*: they seem, on the contrary, to be in the worst style of formal *love letters*. His Lordship declares that Mrs. Howard's eyes have pierced his heart and have robbed him of peace; and, upon this head, he puruses the fair-one—not like the lover of Daphne or Galatea—but in the sad intricacy of a metaphysical chase. If there had been but one or two of those letters, they might have been taken for ridicule of that argumentative style of sentiment; but, at last, it becomes too evident that the whole were written in such serious sadness, that poor Mrs. Howard was obliged to call in help to answer them. Nor is it to be forgotten, in appreciating the folly of the affair, that Lord Peterborough must have been about this time sixty-five years of age, and, if not married, secretly engaged to Mrs. Robinson; while his *Amoret* was about forty, the wife of one man, and the acknowledged favourite of another. In selecting a few of these well-written, but affected, epistles, I have chosen those to which the answers are extant; and it will be generally admitted that the lady has the advantage over the hero. How far Gay assisted Mrs. Howard it is not easy to judge; but the best of her letters are those in which her own pen is most visible. In 1755 Lord Peterborough declared his marriage with Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a singer, and soon after set sail, to die at Lisbon in the autumn of that year. His Lord-

ship's letters are written in a beautiful hand, with a neatness and accuracy both of orthography and punctuation very unusual in that day, and as little characteristic of the fiery and irregular temper of the writer as the style and matter. Two or three other letters, written in his Lordship's last years, in a rather better tone, will be found under their proper dates."

The correspondence between this lordly hero and Lady Howard, is the most regular interchange of sentimental folly on the one side, and dexterous parrying on the other, which we ever read, and we shall transcribe some of the epistles as specimens. His Lordship has well said in one of his letters, "Oh, the merit of the least favour which is particular; and how little merit in an undistinguished all!" And to the whole letter the lady replies:—

"*My Lord,*—I entirely agree with you, that a woman that hath no distinction of persons will never be distinguished by any one; but then your lordship must grant me, that the woman that is civil and obliging to every body giveth signal proofs of her courage: for she that trusts every man's vanity, runs greater risks than she that trusts one man's honour.

"Besides, before your lordship censures this character, you ought to consider that different persons have different views, and that these compass their utmost wishes when they are admired; so that we may blame their taste, but not condemn their conduct. Since chivalry ceased, coquetry and modern gallantry came into the world. A man of gallantry acts upon the same principles as the coquette. A man of gallantry says tender things to every lady he meets, and is ready to take arms in defence of her beauty and wit. A man of gallantry must have the spirit to be inconstant—for he loses the title of gallantry the minute he becomes a downright lover; therefore, lest he grow out of fashion, he studies, like the coquette, to distribute his favours equally to all. The man of gallantry devotes himself to the sex, as the knight-errant used to do to his one individual mistress: so that, if coquetry and gallantry are crimes, the fault is in the times and in the fashion, and not in ourselves.

"I find your lordship a champion for another old-fashioned virtue, which is truth. I hope your lordship, who are so zealous for it, knows how to distinguish it, and that you will not accuse me of too much sincerity in defence of coquetry. How can you imagine that women, who are used to flattery all their lives, can ever be in love with truth? and how will you persuade us that the men love it, when we know it is they only that flatter us?

"Your lordship's caution about not showing your letter I shall *sacredly* observe, lest I give any person occasion to censure your lordship of flattery, and myself of credulity."

The following are also parts of this odd correspondence:—

Lord Peterborough to Mrs. Howard.

Amsterdam, July 5, [].

"Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease: a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though, perhaps, not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

"How much more tormenting is the beautiful devil, than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes

seldom in my thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind.

"The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other?

"But, most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments.

"In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray to you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable.

"Forgive me if I threaten you: take this for a proof as well as punishment. If you can prove inhuman, you shall have reproaches from Moscow, China, or the barbarous quarters of Tartary. Believe me, for I think I am in earnest: this I am sure of, I could not endure my ungrateful country but for your sake."

Mrs. Howard to Lord Peterborough.

"This letter, whether it be Mrs. Howard's own, or prompted by Gay, is the best of the batch. It retorts Lord Peterborough's common-place with equal wit and good sense."]

July 6, [].

"I have carefully perused your lordship's letter about your fair devil and your black devil, your hell and tortures, your heaven and happiness—those sublime expressions which ladies and gentlemen use in their galantries and distresses.

"I suppose by your fair devil you mean nothing less than an angel. If so, my lord, I beg leave to give some reasons why I think a woman is neither like an angel nor a devil, and why successful and unhappy love do not in the least resemble heaven and hell. It is true, you may quote ten thousand gallant letters and precedents for the use of these love terms, which have a mighty captivating sound in the ears of a woman, and have been with equal propriety applied to all women in all ages.

"In the first place, my lord, an angel pretends to be nothing else but a spirit. If, then, a woman was no more than an angel, what could a lover get by the pursuit?

"The black devil is a spirit too, but one that has lost his beauty and retained his pride. Tell a woman this, and try how she she'll the simile.

"The pleasure of an angel is offering praise; the pleasure of a woman is receiving it.

"Successful love is very unlike heaven; because you may have success one hour, and lose it the next. Heaven is unchangeable. Who can say so of love or lovers?

"In love there are as many heavens as there are women; so that, if a man be so unhappy as to lose one heaven, he need not throw himself headlong into hell.

"This thought might be carried further. But perhaps you will ask me, if a woman be neither like angel nor devil, what is she like?

"* Extravagant indeed. It seems really necessary to repeat our apologies for printing all these rhapsodies; but, however tedious, they are still curious, as showing the manners of the time."

I answer, that the only thing that is like a woman is—*another woman*.

"How often has your lordship persuaded foreign ladies that nothing but them could make you forsake your dear country! But at present, I find it is more to your purpose to tell me that I am the only woman that could prevail with you to stay in your ungrateful country."

Thus was the intercourse carried on till his wearied Lordship † sought consolation in the arms of another, and left the reluctant Countess to repose. But to vary our view of the publication, we now turn back to one of Gay's letters, dated Dijon, Sept. 8, 1719:

"I am (says he) rambling from place to place. In about a month I hope to be at Paris, and in the next month to be in England, and the next minute to see you. I am now at Dijon in Burgundy, where, last night, at an ordinary, I was surprised by a question from an English gentleman, whom I had never seen before: hearing my name, he asked me if I had any relation or acquaintance with *myself*, and when I told him I knew no such person, he assured me that he was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Gay's at London. There was a Scotch gentleman, who all summer was teaching some French gentlemen the force and propriety of the English language; and, what is seen very commonly, a young English gentleman with a Jacobite governor. A French marquis drove an abbe from the table by railing against the vast riches of the church; and another marquis, who squinted, endeavoured to explain transubstantiation; 'that a thing might not be what it really appeared to be, my eyes,' says he, 'may convince you; I seem at present to be looking on you; but, on the contrary, I see quite on the other side of the table.' I do not believe that this argument converted one of the heretics present; for all that I learned by him was, that to believe transubstantiation it is necessary not to see the thing you seem to look at.

"So much I have observed on the conversation and manners of the people. As for the animals of the country, it abounds with bugs, which are exceeding familiar with strangers; and as for plants, garlick seems to be the favourite production of the country, though for my own part I think the vine preferable to it: when I publish my travels at large, I shall be more particular; in order to which, tomorrow I set out for Lyons, from thence to Montpelier, and so to Paris; and soon after I shall pray that the winds may be favourable, I mean, to bring you from Richmond to London, or me from London to Richmond; so prays, &c.

J. GAY."

The same writer draws a curious character in a letter from Tunbridge, in July 1723—

"We have a young † lady here that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an

* "Lord Peterborough is here, and has been so some time, though by his dress one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner." [From another Letter in a different part of the Volume.]

† This was, probably, a Miss Mary Jennings, who died Nov. 1736, at the age of thirty, remarkable for her riches, corpulence, and love of ale. There can hardly have been two persons of the same age, combining in the same remarkable peculiarities." [2]

equipage, a title, a husband, or * matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she can only lose a husband, but that ale is her passion. I have not as yet drank with her, though I must own I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or appearance. If to show you love her, you must drink with her, she has chosen an ill place for followers, for she is forbid with the waters. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks, in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the least of the lily in her whole countenance. You see what thirty thousand pounds can do, for without that I could never have discovered all these agreeable particularities: in short, she is the *ortolan*, or rather *wheat-car*, of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more beautiful, for her figure is almost circular. After I have said all this, I believe it will be in vain for me to declare I am not in love; and I am afraid that I have showed some imprudence in talking upon this subject, since you have declared that you like a friend that has a heart in his disposal. I assure you I am not mercenary, and that thirty thousand pounds have not half so much power with me as the woman I love."

Mrs. Howard's answer may be quoted, to show the manner of her writing—

" Richmond Lodge, July 22, [1723.]

" I have taken some days to consider of your *wheat-car*, but I find I can no more approve of your having a passion for that, than I did of your turning parson. But if ever you will take the one, I insist upon your taking the other: they ought not to be parted; they were made from the beginning for each other. But I do not forbid you to get the best intelligence of the ways, manners, and customs, of this wonderful *phenomenon*: how it supports the disappointment of bad ale, and what are the consequences to the full enjoyment of her luxury? I have some thoughts of taking a hint from the ladies of your acquaintance, who pray for matadores, and turn devotees for luck at ombre; for I have already lost above a hundred pounds since I came to Richmond.

" I do not like to have you too passionately fond of every thing that has no disguise. I (that am grown old in courts) can assure you, sincerity is so very unthriving, that I can never give consent that you should practise it, excepting to three or four people that I think may deserve it, of which number I am. I am resolved you shall open a new scene of behaviour next winter, and I begin to pay in coin your debts of fair promises. I have some thoughts of giving you a few loose hints for a satire; and if you manage it right, and not indulge that foolish good-nature of yours, I do not question but I shall see you in good employment before Christmas."

We conclude for the present with a de-

* It has become almost necessary to say, that *matadores* constituted a good hand at the then fashionable games of ombre and quadrille."

+ Irony. Mrs. Howard means, that if he wrote a satire, he would be bought off. The jest, though a poor one, seems still further to exculpate Mrs. Howard from the charge of having deceived Gay."

scription of Bath a century ago, by the lively Mrs. Bradshaw :—

Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard.

Bath, August 30th, 1721.

" Oh, Madam Howard, your poor slave Peggy has had one leg in the grave since you saw her; which has so accustomed me to think that all worldly things are vanity and vexation of spirit, that I am fitter to give you a sermon than an account how things pass here.

" Either I have no taste, or all the disagreeable people from the four corners of the world are assembled together in this place; though my good lady countess,† who is never out of her way, can find amusement amongst them till twelve o'clock at night. There are a good many ladies one knows, but the men (which you know is what interests me) are such unfinished animals, one would swear they were beholden to the hot springs for their creation, without any other assistance. Here is a Colonel Cotton,§ who is a good agreeable man; but the ladies are all so fond of him, that I believe he must take to his bed soon. If you see a footman in the streets, his errand is to Colonel Cotton: he gives breakfasts, makes balls, plays, and does every thing a lady can desire; but then he is but one man, and cannot turn himself to at least ten women that have fastened upon him, from which contests do often arise amongst us.

" I would fain persuade Mr. Gay to draw his pen; but he is a lost thing, and the colic has reduced him to pass a hum-drum hour with me very often. I desired him to club a little wit towards diverting you, but he said it was not in him; so I chose rather to expose myself, than not put you in mind of a poor sick-body that has taken physic to-day and not seen the face of a mortal.

" The countess is upon the walk, and has just sent me word she is coming home, and brings a party at ombre for me, which I had rather she had let alone; but it shows her good will, and she is really prodigious kind and civil to me. My dear Howard, adieu: as I mend in health, it is to be hoped the product of my pen will be something better; if not, I have so much regard for you, that I will drab it no more.

" I have looked for some edging,|| as you ordered: they are all very dear, and I think not pretty—at least, nothing so for a crown a yard. There is one, of a honeycomb ground, she will not sell under six shillings and sixpence; if you will give that let me know, for I bid her lay it by till I heard from you, which I must tell you, would cherish me mainly.

" The countess sent you a message by Mr. Gay, and knows nothing of my writing, though I can answer for her she is much yours, and nobody more so than Your own

PEGGY.

" Mr. and Mrs. Hampden* are here: I beg you will send me word if the Duchess of

‡ Probably Lady Bristol."

† I presume this is the Colonel Cotton whom Lady M. W. Montagu represents Lady Bristol to be in love with (vol. iii. p. 129, of the edition of 1817.) That letter is dated (I presume by the Editor) 1723, but it is necessary here to observe, that the dates of her ladyship's letters have been very incorrectly assigned in that edition."

|| Some apology may be expected for retaining this information on the price of edging; but such points will not be uninteresting to ladies, and even to the graver heads who calculate the value of money and the progress of manufactures."

* Robert Hampden, of Hampden; grandson of the patriot Hampden, who was also Lady Suffolk's grandfather."

Argyle is brought to bed, for I have set my heart upon hearing she has a son."†

† Jane Warburton, second wife of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, had been maid of honour to the Princess. On the 21st of August, 1721, she was brought to bed of a daughter. Their graces had no male issue.

Travels in Brazil, in the years 1817, 18, 19, and 1820, undertaken by command of H. M. the King of Bavaria. By Dr. John Von Spix and Dr. Charles Von Martius. Vols. 1 & 2. 8vo. London 1824. Longman & Co.

GERMAN authors always begin at the beginning: in this respect they beat the Welsh at biography and the Chinese at history. We have not time ourselves to trace every thing *ab ovo*, and therefore, recommending them to our readers, we shall pass over the first hundred and thirty pages of this publication, which relate to Trieste, the Adriatic, Gibraltar, &c. and land fairly at once at Rio de Janeiro. In this city, the travellers say—

" The library, said to contain seventy thousand volumes, which the king brought from Portugal, for the capital of Brazil, is arranged in the edifice belonging to the Terceiros da Ordem do Carmo. The branches of history and jurisprudence are said to be the richest. We were particularly interested by a manuscript of a *Flora Fluminensis*, that is, of the Rio de Janeiro, which contains descriptions and beautiful drawings of many rare or unknown plants growing in the vicinity, and written by one Velloso. The public have free admission during the greater part of the day; but the want of literary occupation is so little felt here, that the library is not much frequented. To the same cause, and to the little inclination hitherto felt here to advance with the spirit of the sciences, it may be attributed that the only literary journal, *The Patriot*, which was published after the arrival of the court in Brazil, continued only a few years, though, by the variety of its contents, it was calculated for extensive circulation. But a literary publication which deserves honourable mention is Father Casal's *Corografia Brasiliaca*, printed at Rio, in two volumes; a work which, it is true, has many imperfections with respect to order, precision, and correctness, especially in treating of subjects of natural history, but, as the first compendium of a general geography of Brazil, is of great use, and has been almost literally translated into English. At present, only two newspapers are published in the whole kingdom: in the capital, the *Gazeta do Rio de Janeiro*; and, in Bahia, a paper under the title of *Idade de Ouro do Brasil*. But even these few journals are not read with general interest. The inhabitant of the interior, in particular, enjoying the lavish bounties of nature, confined to the intercourse with a few distant neighbours, concerns himself very little with the events of the political world, and is satisfied with hearing the principal circumstances once a year, from the conductors of the caravans who return from the coast. In general, is the interior as well as in the sea-port towns, it is rather commercial relations than any regard to the interests of the world in general, that determine their participation in great political events. There is, however, no want of quick and accurate intelligence from Europe; the Lisbon newspapers being circulated by the Portuguese emigrants, and the London journals by the English.

" The education of youth is provided for

in the capital, by many licensed academies. Persons of fortune have their children prepared by private tutors, to visit the university of Coimbra; which, from the scarcity of good teachers, is very expensive."

Among other studies and academies—

"Natural history, particularly botany, is taught the pupils by Fra Leandro do Sacramento, a learned Carmelite, from Pernambuco, and a disciple of the venerable Brotero. In his lectures he makes use of a small nursery of remarkable plants in the public promenade, because the botanic garden is too far from the city. The mineralogical cabinet, which is under the care of our countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Von Eschwege, is not in a good condition, because he is generally absent from Rio de Janeiro. It consists of Baron Ohain's collection, described by Werner, to which no very great additions have been made, except a beautiful suite of diamonds sent by Da Camara, and some other mineralogical curiosities of Brazil. In the building which contains this collection, there is most insignificant beginning of a zoological cabinet, consisting of a few stuffed birds, and some cases with handsome butterflies."

French literature, it seems, is far more extensively cultivated than English, and a larger proportion of French books imported. This is a striking instance of supineness on our part; or of the obstacles which the high prices of our publications throw in the way of their being made extensive articles of commerce. It would be well for the new world if they were; for their qualities (we speak of the mass) are infinitely better calculated to promote the happiness of mankind, than those works so lavishly supplied by our neighbours.

From the capital, the travellers proceeded into the interesting province of the Minas Geraes, already explored in various directions by Mawe, Von Eschwege, the Prince of Newied, M. de St. Hilaire, and others; they adopted different lines of course, and have consequently produced some new information. We select some examples.

"At Retiro, a miserable fazenda, lying sideways from S. Marcos, in a narrow swampy valley, surrounded by woody mountains, we passed the first night in the open air. The uraponga had ceased his strangely sounding notes, the swarms of grasshoppers commenced, as night set in, their monotonous chirp, at intervals interrupted by the notes of a large frog, resembling a drum, the lament of the capueira, and the dull cry of the goat-sucker. Affected by the constantly returning impressions, we felt ourselves in a strange and solemn mood in the lonely wilderness, which was farther increased when the firmament, with all the splendour of the southern constellations, beamed on the dark forest, and millions of shining beetles fluttered in luminous circles through the hedges, till at length a heavy rain veiled all in darkness. — — —

"We first observed in these woods the notes of a greyish brown bird, probably a thrush, which frequents the bushes and ground in damp low woods, and sings, with numerous repetitions, through the musical scale, from H¹ to A⁹ (of the German scale) so regularly, that not a single note is wanting. It commonly sings each note four or five times over, and then proceeds imperceptibly to the following quarter tone. It is usual to deny to the songsters of the American forests all melody and expression, and

to allow them no pre-eminence but splendour of plumage. But if in general the prettiness of the torrid zone are more distinguished by the beauty of their colours, than by fulness and power of note, and seem inferior to our nightingale in clearness and melodiousness of tone, yet this little bird, among others, is a proof that they are at least not destitute of the principles of melody. How far the musical improvement of man has already had an influence on the notes of birds, remains an interesting subject for physiological investigation. It is at least conceivable, that when the almost inarticulate tones of a degenerate race of men, no longer resounds in the woods of Brazil, many of the feathered songsters will also produce more refined melodies. Besides the birds of the forest, the attention of the zoologist is claimed by the serpents, particularly the beautifully coloured ahaetulla, which is seen darting across the road, or killed by the passing caravan. A lichen, which, by its splendid rose-colour, is a real ornament to the stems, grows here on trees, especially in moist places. The beauty and the peculiar brilliancy of this plant, have induced Mr. Tonay to use it for dyeing; and Vauquelin, who examined it by the name of *cochenille végétale*, observes that the red colour contained in it, has much resemblance with the orseille (*dyer's lichen*), is less lively and brilliant, and in smaller quantity, but may be advantageously employed in dying silk and wool, but not so well for cotton. — — —

"Among the inhabitants of this place we observed an endemic swelling of the glands of the neck in such a high degree as is perhaps nowhere to be found in Europe. Frequently the whole neck is covered with the great swelling, which gives a horrid appearance to these people, who are for the most part mulattoes, and have, independent of this, no very agreeable features. But in this country they seem to regard this swelling rather as a particular beauty than as a deformity; for we often saw the women adorn this enormous goitre with gold or silver ornaments, and, as it were, displaying it, while they sat before their house doors with a tobacco-pipe in the hand, or a reel to wind cotton. Negroes, mulattoes, descendants of whites and Indians, (*mamelucos*) which form the greater part of its population, are peculiarly subject to this disorder; among the whites, the women have it more commonly than the men. The causes of this deformity seem to be quite the same here as in other countries. For it does not occur in the high, colder, and airy mountainous districts, but in the low valley of the Paraiba, which is often covered with thick fogs. — — —

"Their habitations, too, are uncleanly, damp, and windy. The raw flour of maize, which is here more frequently used than that of mandiocæa, and is, though more nourishing, more difficult of digestion, and eating much pork, may likewise contribute to the development of this disease; perhaps excess in sexual enjoyments may be considered as one cause of the goitre, as it is at Rio of the sarcocele and hydrocele. It is true, we do not here see the melancholy appearances of idiocy, which are so frequently combined in Europe endemically with the goitre; yet the look of the persons who have the disorder in a high degree, is not merely drowsiness and want of energy, but even stupidity, in the strict sense of the expression. It is customary to apply, at the commence-

ment of the disease, poultices of warm gourds, the patient at the same time drinking water which has stood for several days upon the pounded mass of large ant-hills. The component parts of the ant hills, which are from five to six feet high, in the construction of which the insect makes use of a peculiar animal slime as a cement, certainly seem capable of counteracting the causes which produce the goitre. Perhaps, too, the acid of ants may have a beneficial influence on the relaxed nerves of the patient, as well as on the debility of the lymphatic system. The negroes here, as in Africa, make much use of mucilaginous substances: they use, for instance, gum arabic against the goitre with good success; a mode of treatment which seems to point at the origin of this disease as proceeding from the diet. — — —

"We passed the night in Tarumá, a solitary rancho in a plain bounded by forests, because we were too late to reach the village of Mogy das Cruzes. In this part we met with several families of the people called Cafusos, who are a mixture of blacks and Indians. Their external appearance is one of the strangest that a European can meet with. They are slender and muscular; in particular, the muscles of the breast and arms are very strong; the feet, on the contrary, in proportion, weaker. Their colour is a dark copper, or coffee brown. Their features, on the whole, have more of the Ethiopic than of the American race. The countenance is oval, the cheek-bones high, but not so broad as in the Indians; the nose broad and flattened, but neither turned up nor much bent; the mouth broad, with thick but equal lips, which, as well as the lower jaw, project but little; the black eyes have a more open and freer look than in the Indians, yet are still a little oblique if not standing so much inward as in them, on the other hand, not turned outwards as in the Ethiopians. But what gives these mestizos a peculiarly striking appearance is the excessively long hair of the head, which, especially at the end, is half curled, and rises almost perpendicularly from the forehead to the height of a foot, or a foot and a half, thus forming a prodigious and very ugly kind of periuke. This strange head of hair, which, at first sight, seems more artificial than natural, and almost puts one in mind of the *plica polonica*, is not a disease, but merely a consequence of their mixed descent and the mean between the wool of the negro and the long stiff hair of the American. This natural periuke is often so high that the wearers must stoop low to go in and out of the usual doors of their huts; the thick hair is, besides, so entangled that all idea of combing it is out of the question. This conformation of the hair gives the Cafusos a resemblance with the Papuas in New Guinea."

[Conclusion in our next.]

The Naval History of Great Britain, from 1783 to 1792. By E. P. Brenton, Esq. Capt. R.N. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 531. London 1824. C. Rice.

A PROFESSIONAL man who undertakes to write the Naval history of his country, has not only an arduous, but also a delicate task to perform,—jealous as his brother officers are of their reputation and honour. An historian, however, has but one imperative duty to perform,—a duty which should be fearlessly discharged and faithfully completed; viz. to relate facts from personal observation, or from the most authentic documents; and we are of

opinion that Captain Brenton has peculiarly distinguished himself in both. Were we inclined to find fault, it would be with the unceasing praise bestowed on the navy in general. We do not mean to say that it is unmerited, but that in some instances it would be as well to suffer the actions to speak for themselves.

It is with considerable regret that we find a gallant Admiral has felt himself hurt by an allusion in a former volume to a naval transaction of 1794. It is no part of our plan to enter into the merits of the case; but in perusing the Preface to this 3d volume, we cannot avoid remarking that Capt. B. appears to have acted with tenderness and moderation, and explained his meaning in that handsome manner which a brave man will know how to appreciate justly.

An authentic Naval History of the first maritime Power in the world, has long been wished for by all classes of the community. Our author has partly supplied it in a way creditable to his country, to himself, and to the profession of which he is a brave and meritorious member. We gave our unqualified approbation of his 1st and 2d vols. [See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 321.] and entered on the 3d with considerable expectation, which, on a close and candid perusal, has not been disappointed. There is no great difficulty in discovering where the Captain has been most happy in exercising his pen, by giving vent to the natural feelings of his heart; and we do not hesitate to declare that this Work might stand as a lasting memorial of our national fame, even when the pillars and tombs erected to commemorate our heroes are crumbled into dust. In the present age the old seaman will read it with proud exultation, as it presents scenes in which, most probably, he has "done his duty," and records names which he has learned to prize with sentiments of devotion known only to himself. The young mariner will find incentives to keep his luff, and get to windward in his profession; while landsmen of all ranks will mark with intense interest and honest pride the daring intrepidity, blended with generous humanity, so strongly characteristic of the British Tar. That the publishing of a Work of this kind belongs almost exclusively to a seaman, must be evident. It is not sufficient to give merely a calculation of the comparative force of the combatants in an engagement; there are many other things to be considered, of which only a seaman can speak with accuracy. Victory has been more frequently decided by that cool determination displayed by all ranks in our navy, (which knew but one word—"Obey,") and the admirable proficiency of our Commanders in naval tactics. The success of the day has often been owing to that terrible rush of a mere handful of men in boarding, of which, we imagine, those who have never witnessed it can have no idea, and are consequently incapable of describing. We will not detain our readers with further remarks, but proceed to give as many extracts as our limits will admit. The following is a very striking and characteristic picture:

"Genoa capitulated on the 4th of June, 1800. It would never have been reduced by the Austrians, without the assistance of the British navy; and never, since the surrender of Haarlem to the Spaniards, was a garrison more emaciated than that of Genoa. No means of subsistence were left; horses, dogs,

* Though we make this attempt at naval phraseology ourselves, we think a glossary of sea-terms would be a great improvement to Captain Brenton's History.—*Ed.*

and even vermin, were devoured by the famished natives. On the signing of the capitulation, the living spectres rushed out in search of food, and boats were instantly procured, in which their feeble limbs scarcely enabled them to paddle off to the British ships. The crews, who were just going to their dinner, flew to the ports and gang-ways, and distributed all their provisions among the supplicants; and the welcome supply was received with tears of gratitude. History has few instances of more affecting benevolence, or of a more sudden transition from war and hatred to peace and friendship."

To convey some idea of the celerity and activity of our seamen, we have selected the following. Sir James Saumerez had made an unsuccessful attack upon a French squadron at Algeziras, and the English fleet were compelled to go in to Gibraltar to repair damages, that they might be enabled to renew the action. The Pompee had sustained so much injury as precluded the hope of her being ready for sea, and on that account was suffered to remain unfitted.

"The Caesar lay in the mole, in so shattered a state that the Admiral gave her up also; and, hoisting his flag on board the Audacious, expressed his intention of distributing her men to the effective ships. Captain Brenton requested that his people might remain on board as long as possible, and addressing them, stated the Admiral's intentions in case the ship could not be got ready: they answered, with three cheers, "All hands to work day and night, till she is ready." The Captain ordered them to work all day, and watch and watch all night; by these means they accomplished what has, probably, never been exceeded. On the 8th, they warped her into the mole, and stripped the lower masts; on the 9th, they got their new main-mast in. On the 11th, the enemy shewed symptoms of sailing, which only increased, if possible, the energies of the seamen. On Sunday the 12th, at dawn of day, the enemy loosed sails; the Caesar still refitting in the mole, receiving powder, shot, and other stores, and preparing to haul out.

"At noon the enemy began to move: the wind was fresh from the eastward, and as they cleared the bay, they took up stations off Cabrita Point, which appeared to be the rendezvous, on which they were to form their line of battle.

"At one o'clock, the enemy's squadron was nearly all under way; the Spanish ships Real Carlos and Hermenegildo, of one hundred and twelve guns each, off Cabrita Point: the Caesar was warping out of the mole. The day was clear; the whole population of the rock came out to witness the scene; the lime-wall, mole-head, and batteries were crowded from the dock-yard to the ragged staff; the Caesar's band playing, "Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer;" the military band of the garrison answering with "Britons strike home." The effect of this scene it is difficult to describe: Englishmen were proud of their country; and foreigners, who beheld the scene, wished to be Englishmen. So general was the enthusiasm amongst our gallant countrymen, that even the wounded men begged to be taken on board, to share in the honours of the approaching conflict.

"At three o'clock, the Caesar having left the mole, passed under the stern of the Audacious, hoisted the Admiral's flag once more,

and made the signal for the squadron to weigh and prepare for battle. —

We are not ashamed to acknowledge that the last hours of the immortal Nelson excited those feelings which we hope never to be without. Our space will not allow of giving the whole, but we have selected some of the passages.

"Nelson, in the early part of the day, was in high spirits, and expressed great pleasure at the prospect of giving a fatal blow to the naval power of France and Spain. Confident of victory, he declared he would not be satisfied with capturing less than twenty sail of the line. It is singular, that he had often predicted the 21st of October would be the day: "It was," he said, "the happiest day in the year among his family."

"Before the action began, he retired to his cabin, and composed that remarkable prayer, which having been granted in its fullest extent, has so much endeared his memory to the British nation.

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after the victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully; to Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen."

"About half past one, the Admiral was standing on the middle of the quarter-deck, and had just turned to walk aft, when a musket-ball, from the mizen-top of the French ship, struck him on the left shoulder, passed through the strap of the epaulette, and grazing the collar-bone, entered his chest, and lodged in one of the dorsal vertebrae. The lamented chief fell with his face upon the deck. Serjeant-Major Secker, of the Royal Marines, and two seamen, flew to his assistance, and were raising him up, when Captain Hardy, who was on the larboard side, turned round and saw that the Admiral was wounded. In answer to the anxious inquiries of the Captain, the gallant chief replied, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy.' 'I hope not,' said Hardy. 'Yes,' answered the dying hero, 'my back-bone is shot through.' From the situation whence the shot was fired, Dr. Beatty calculates the distance to have been about fifteen yards; the mizen-top of the Redoubtable being just abaft, and below the Victory's mainyard. The spot where he fell is now marked with a dark piece of wood, about an inch square, inlaid in the deck.

"While the attendants conveyed the wounded Admiral to the cockpit, the hero was still mindful of the great duty he had to perform, and not regardless of minor cares, even in the agonies of death. As he passed the gun-room he saw that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away early in the action, were not replaced, and commanded that it should be instantly done; and having delivered this order, he covered his face with his pocket handkerchief, that he might not be noticed by his crew. The cockpit was fast filling with the dead and the dying. Lieutenant Ram and Mr. Whipple, the captain's clerk, had just expired, when the surgeon, turning from them, was called to the Admiral. Mr. Burke and Dr. Beatty received the

† The brother of the Author.

feeble fainting frame of their beloved chief from the arms of those who had conveyed him to the cockpit, and placed him in one of the midshipmen's births. The Admiral observed to the Doctor, ' You can do nothing for me; I have but a short time to live, my back-bone is shot through.' The surgeon soon discovered that the hero was indeed mortally wounded, but except from the Captain and one or two surrounding friends, cautiously concealed the mournful secret until the day was decided. Nelson, now in the agonies of death, constantly and impatiently called for Hardy; but it was long before the Captain could quit the deck, the duty of the Commander-in-chief, during the action, having devolved upon him by the rules of the service. At length Hardy came, and Nelson inquired, ' How the day went ?' ' Very well, my Lord,' replied the Captain, ' we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but their van has tacked and shews an intention of bearing down on the Victory; I have therefore called two or three of our best ships about us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' The symptoms of approaching dissolution crept on with resistless power, as the hero lay surrounded by many brave officers and men, similarly situated. The surgeon could do no more, and quitted him to afford his professional aid to less desperate cases. In fifty minutes after his first visit to the cockpit, Hardy returned, and congratulated the Admiral on the capture of fourteen or fifteen sail of the line. ' That is well,' said Nelson, ' but I bargained for twenty; and then he earnestly exclaimed, ' Anchor, Hardy, anchor.' To this Hardy replied, ' I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.' ' Not while I live, I hope,' said Nelson, as he ineffectually endeavoured to raise himself from his bed: ' No, Hardy, do you anchor.' Shall I make the signal, Sir ?' said Hardy. ' Yes,' answered Nelson, ' for if I live, I will anchor.' Shortly after this interesting dialogue, the Captain returned to the quarter-deck, and Nelson, with his last breath, thanked God he had done his duty, and expired in the cockpit of the Victory, at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon.'

The present volume is embellished with the portraits of Lord Collingwood (a good likeness,) Sir C. Pole, Sir J. Duckworth, and a fine Engraving of Earl St. Vincent, taken at an earlier period of his life than the one given before. It contains also representations of the Pitons of St. Lucia, Plan of the Battle of Algeciras, the Battle of Trafalgar, which however conveys but an imperfect idea; a fac-simile Letter of Nelson, and the Mole at S^a Cruz, in lieu of the bad print given in a former volume. Those who look for high-flown language or refined sentiment will not find them in this publication. Captain B. has written for posterity as well as the present day; and nothing can tend more to convince the mind of the truth of the whole, than the plain unvarnished statement here presented, though in some few instances there is an ebullition of feeling which does infinite credit to the heart of the writer. The engagements, and many circumstances attending them, might have been wrought up to a pitch of uncommon interest, without departing from the strict line of probity; but we prefer it as it is, convinced that now no shade of distrust will cloud the noble achievements of our

brave Tars, when the historian, and those he himself has led to battle, are " gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." He has done his duty with the sword—he has been faithful with his pen; and though the mingling of parliamentary debates will not gratify the generality of sailors, yet as connected with his subject, they are judicious and useful.

Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1824. Taylor & Hessey.

We have only had time to glance over this publication, which is after the manner of the Dialogues of the Dead. It is more political than comes within our scope, and appears sufficiently vigorous, we might say virulent, upon most of the subjects which it undertakes to discuss.

DR. HIBBERT'S PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

In our last Number we were compelled, by the nature of our publication (if confined form may be called nature) to break off in the middle of Dr. Hibbert's historical view of Apparitions: but it is too good to be dispelled by any intervention, and we go on with the theme.

" ' A malefactor was executed, of whose body a grave physician got possession for the purpose of dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverize part of the cranium, which was a remedy at that time admitted in dispensaries. The powder was left in a paper, on the table of the museum, where the assistant slept. About midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table without any visible agent, and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head with open eyes staring at him; presently two branches appeared, which formed into the arms and hands; then the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments; next, the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect, the puppet, (for his size was small) reared himself on his feet; instantly his clothes came upon him, and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution. The affrighted spectator, who stood hitherto mumbling his prayers with great application, now thought of nothing but making his escape from the revived ruffian; but this was impossible, for the apparition planted himself in his way, and, after divers fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door and went out. No doubt the powder was missing next day.'

" But older analogous results were on record, indicating that the blood was the chief part of the human frame in which those saline particles resided, the re-arrangement of which gave rise to the popular notion of ghosts. Dr. Webster, in his book on witchcraft, relates an experiment, given on the authority of Dr. Flud, in which this very satisfactory conclusion was drawn.

" ' A certain chymical operator, by name La Pierre, near that place in Paris called Le Temple, received blood from the hands of a certain bishop to operate upon. Which he setting to work upon the Saturday, did continue it for a week with divers degrees of fire. But about midnight, the Friday following, this artificer, lying in a chamber next to

his laboratory, betwixt sleeping and waking, heard an horrible noise, like unto the lowing of kine, or the roaring of a lion; and continuing quiet, after the ceasing of the sound in the laboratory, the moon being at the full, and, by shining, enlightening the chamber suddenly, betwixt himself and the window, he saw a thick little cloud, condensed into an oval form, which after, by little and little, did seem compleatly to put on the shape of a man, and making another and a sharp clamour, did suddenly vanish. And not only some noble persons in the next chambers, but also the host with his wife, lying in a lower room of the house, and also the neighbours dwelling in the opposite side of the street, did distinctly hear as well the bellowing as the voice; and some of them were awaked with the vehemency thereof. But the artificer said, that in this he found solace, because the bishop, of whom he had it, did admonish him, that if any of them from whom the blood was extracted should die, in the time of its putrefaction, his spirit was wont often to appear to the sight of the artificer, with perturbation. Also forthwith, upon Saturday following, he took the retort from the furnace, and broke it with the light stroak of a little key, and there in the remaining blood, found the perfect representation of an humane head, agreeable in face, eyes, nostrils, mouth, and hairs, that were somewhat thin, and of a golden colour.'

" It happened that the wicked Turnus Rufus met Rabbi Akkiva on Sabbath-day; and he asked the Rabbi what the difference was between that day and another? Then did Rabbi Akkiva ask him, ' What difference there was between one man and another?' ' What is the difference,' says the Rabbis, ' between thee and another man, that thou art by thy Lord advanced to the dignity thou possessest, and that others are not so much esteemed?' Turnus Rufus replied, ' It was because his Lord would have it so.' Rabbi Akkiva replied, ' I also honour the Sabbath, because my lord will have it so: as it is the will of thy lord that thou shouldest be honoured; so it is the will of the King of kings that we should honour the Sabbath.' ' Why then,' demanded Turnus Rufus, ' doth this God of yours do any work on the Sabbath?' ' What work doth he do?' said the Rabbis. Turnus Rufus replied, ' The very work he doth on other days: He maketh the wind to blow and the rain to fall, the clouds to ascend, the sun and moon to rise, and the fruits to ripen.' Whereupon Rabbi Akkiva said to him, ' I know well that thou art skilled in the laws of the Hebrews. When two live together in the same court, then doth the one give to the other the mutual token (or an instrument, by which they agree, according to the law, concerning the office of carrying to and from one another on the Sabbath,) and they are allowed to carry certain things from one place to another. But one who liveth alone in a court, though the court were as large as Antioch, carrieth in that court certain things to land again, because there is no other to take that office upon him. Now, heaven is the throne of the holy and blessed God, and the earth is his foot-stool, and the whole earth is full of his glory: And there is no power in his world for to contend with him. Moreover, those who did eat the manna in the wilderness were witnesses of the (distinction it pleased God to annex to) Sabbath, because the manna fell every day on the week but on the Sabbath. But this is not all: For

the river Sabbathon clearly shewa this distinction, since it floweth during the six days, but floweth not on the Sabbath.' Then, replied Turnus Rufus, ' Speak no more of the manna; for no such thing as its falling hath happened in our days. And for the river Sabbathon, I do not believe it.' Then said Rabbi Akkiva to him, ' Go to the southsayers and diviners, and they will convince thee: For on every day of the week but the Sabbath they can, each in his way, make their divinations hit well enough; but on the Sabbath they labour in vain. Get thee to thy father's grave for information; for thou shalt on every day but the Sabbath perceive a smoke to arise from it; but on the Sabbath thou shalt perceive no such matter. If the dead, then, can discern and distinguish the Sabbath, how comes it to pass that the living are ignorant of and neglect it?'

' Upon this, Turnus Rufus went and beheld his father's grave, but could perceive no smoke to ascend from it. And he said to Rabbi Akkiva, ' Perhaps his punishment is at an end.' The Rabbi answered, ' Thou shalt see the smoke to-morrow.' And when Turnus Rufus saw, on the first day of the week, the smoke ascend from the grave, he caused his father to be raised out of his grave by necromancy; and he said to him, ' Thou didst not in thy life-time keep the Sabbath, but now thou art among the dead thou observest it. How long is it since thou turnedst Jew?' Then answered his father, ' My son, every one among you that keepeth not the Sabbath in a becoming manner, shall, when he cometh among us, observe it against his will.' Then asked Turnus Rufus, ' What is it ye do on the working days?' And his father answered, ' We are punished on every working-day; but on the Sabbath we have rest. On the eve of the Sabbath a voice is heard from heaven, saying, " Let the wicked out, that they may have rest." And there is an angel, who is set over us, who punishes us every day. And at the end of the Sabbath, when the Sedarim, or the Jewish form of prayers, is ended, the same angel calls aloud, saying, " Ye wicked, get ye again into hell; for the Israelites have ended their form of prayer."

These two stories are as *infatuatingly* good as any that Sir H. Davy could conjure up in his own imagination by inhaling the nitrous oxide—a sure chemical process for exciting the ideas, which rational philosophy banishes.

But apart from ghost fancies, there are many very curious ideas among those of the olden times, respecting the supernatural.

The five Senses were regarded by the early metaphysicians as nothing more than 'porters' to the Soul; they brought to 'her' the forms of outward things, but were not able themselves to discern them; such forms or ideas were then subjected to the various intellectual operations of the rational Soul or mind.

According to this view, ideas which were originally considered as the actual forms of objects, were stored up by the memory, and liable to be recalled. This doctrine was probably derived from Aristotle, who had some notion of impressions or images remaining, after the impressing cause had ceased to act, and that these images, even during sleep, were recognised by the intellectual principle of man.

Such was the metaphysical view entertained for many centuries respecting ideas,—

not that they were mere states of the immaterial mind, but that they were absolute forms or images presented to the soul or mind. It was, therefore, not a very difficult conjecture, after the memorable experiment of Palingenesy, that the apparition of the rose, which had been induced by its saline particles being sublimed, was truly the proper idea of the rose, or that the apparition, induced in a similar manner after an animal body had been decomposed, was the proper idea of the animal. These, then, were the external ideas of objects, or *astral spirits*, as they were also named, that were well calculated to solve many natural phenomena. For instance, when it was reported that a shower of frogs had taken place, philosophers contended that it was nothing more than a shower of ideas.

Dr. Webster's explanation of *astral spirits* is as follows: 'If,' says he, 'the experiment be certainly true, that is averred by Borellus, Kircher, Gaffarel, and others (who might be ashamed to affirm it as their own trial, or as ocular witnesses, if not true), that the figures and colours of a plant may be perfectly represented, and seen in glasses, being by a little heat raised forth of the ashes. Then (if this be true) it is not only possible, but rational, that animals, as well as plants, have their ideas or figures existing after the gross body or parts be destroyed, and so these apparitions are but only those astral shapes and figures. But also there are shapes and apparitions of men, that must of necessity prove, that these corporeal souls, or *astral spirits*, do exist apart, and attend upon, or are near the blood or bodies.'

It is evident that this notion of *astral spirits* was little different from the Lucretian view, that apparitions were films given off from all bodies. But Dr. Webster and other philosophers pushed this doctrine still farther, so as to render it truly pneumatological. They even had in view the division which the ancients made of the substance of the body, when they conferred upon it more souls than one. The views of the Romans and Greeks were, that different souls might be possessed by every individual, as a rational soul derived from the gods, and a sentient one originating in the four elements; or that even three souls might subsist in one person, in which case different material tenuaments were allotted to these spiritual principles. For the first soul a mortal or crustaceous body was provided; for the second soul a divine, ethereal, and luciform organization; and for the third an aerial, misty, or vaporous body. The soul which was attached to the crustaceous system hovered about it after death.

We shall now see how much Dr. Webster and others were indebted to the ancients for the view that they took of three essential and distinct parts of man. 'It is most evident,' says this writer, 'that there are not only three essential and distinct parts in man, as the gross body, consisting of earth and water, which at death returns to the earth again; the sensitive and corporeal soul, or *astral spirit*, consisting of fire and air, that at death wandereth in the air, or near the body; and the immortal and incorporeal soul, that immediately returns to God that gave it: but also, that after death they all three exist separately, the soul in immortality, and the body in the earth, though soon consuming; and the *astral spirit*, that wanders in the air, and, without doubt, doth

make those strange apparitions, motions, and bleedings.'

Dr. Webster now illustrates his case by a very striking account of a spectral impression, in which the astral spirit of a murdered man is supposed to have retained all the cogitations impressed upon the mind at the hour of death, along with the faculties of concupiscibility and irascibility, by which it was compelled to seek for its revenge.

‘About the year of our Lord 1623 or 24, one Fletcher of Rascal, a town in the North Riding of Yorkshire, near unto the forest of Gantress, a yeoman of good estate, did marry a young lusty woman from Thornton Brigs, who had been formerly kind with one Ralph Raynard, who kept an inn within half-a-mile from Rascal, in the high-road-way betwixt York and Thirsk, his sister living with him. This Raynard continued in unlawful lust with the said Fletcher's wife, who, not content therewith, conspired the death of Fletcher, one Mark Dunn being made privy, and hired to assist in the murder. Which Raynard and Dunn accomplished upon the May-day, by drowning Fletcher, as they came all three together from a town called Huby; and acquainting the wife with the deed, she gave them a sack therein to convey the body, which they did, and buried it in Raynard's backside or croft, where an old oak-root had been stubbed up, and sowed mustard-seed upon the place, thereby to hide it. So they continued their wicked course of lust and drunkenness, and the neighbours did much wonder at Fletcher's absence; but his wife did excuse it, and said that he was but gone aside for fear of some writs being served upon him. And so it continued until about the 7th day of July, when Raynard going to Topcliffe fair, and setting up his horse in the stable, the spirit of Fletcher, in his usual shape and habit, did appear unto him, and said—“Oh, Ralph, repent, repent, for my revenge is at hand;” and ever after, until he was put in the gaol, it seemed to stand before him, whereby he became sad and restless; and his own sister overhearing his confession and relation of it to another person, did, through fear of her own life, immediately reveal it to Sir William Sheffield, who lived in Rascal, and was a justice of peace. Whereupon they were all three apprehended and sent to the gaol at York, where they were all three condemned, and so executed accordingly, near to the place where Raynard lived, and where Fletcher was buried, the two men being hung up in irons, and the woman buried under the gallows. I have recited the story punctually as a thing that hath been very much fixed in my memory, being then but young; and as a certain truth, I being (with many more) an ear-witness of their confessions, and an eye-witness of their executions; and likewise saw Fletcher when he was taken up, where they had buried him in his cloaths, which were a green fustian doublet pink upon white, gray breeches, and his walking boots, and brass spurs without rowels.’

It is hardly worth while to trouble our readers with the *rationale* of this excellent story;—for ourselves we only wish to believe it true, and we will not spoil it by explanation.

There yet remains a short paper on this delightful little book, for our next Gazette.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[Our Paris Letter of last week contained some of the Songs sung at the Banquets in honour of the Duke of Angouleme's victorious return, but they are destitute of interest for English readers. It adds, that no new work of importance had recently appeared;—the Elections and the Carnival occupied all minds. Of the former, it is said, "Our poor liberaux are suffering as much from the quizzing of their friends, as from the triumph of their foes. They say Liberalism has had an attack of palsy, and has lost the use of the *left arm* (*bras gauche*).") The latter was unusually dull, and must have been "a sorry sight," since our intelligent Correspondent observes, "The most amusing scene I witnessed, and which was really comic, was an affair between four *filles du Palais Royal*, who were indulged by the police with an open landau and dresses for the day, and the old coché who had the honour of conducting them. Whether he was the father of a family, and rather disgusted with his job, or had taken a little *cognac* to guarantee his chest against the bitter, piercing blast, I know not; but he would not drive where, and as, and when, the *déeses* desired; and the result was a sort of concert, vocal and instrumental, between the box and the body of the voiture, at the expense of per-ruque and cravat to the one party, and plumes, sticking-plaster, and turbans, to the other."]

Paris, March 12, 1824.

M. LE COMTE ORLOFF, Russian senator, rich nobleman, patron of the Arts, amateur of all that is scientific and literary, and during several years a resident in France, has just published a work in three volumes, entitled *Voyage dans une partie de la France*. It is written in the form of *lettres*, and is both interesting and instructive.

One of our young poets, *archi-romantiques*, has had the courage to make public a volume of *Odes*. Some of them display real talent; but unfortunately M. Victor Hugo, in order to become sublime, selected and sought the most strange and uncouth expressions, and the most obsolete and unintelligible *tournures*. Enfin, he has succeeded in obtaining the title of *Hugo le Goth*.

Something more popular has appeared from the pen of M. Viennet, author of the tragedy of *Clovis*, and several other poems. This new publication is, *Trois Dialogues des Morts, et trois Epîtres*.

M. Sgricci, the celebrated Italian improvisator, is shortly to give a public evening. He will improvise a Tragedy, in five acts, on a given subject. He lately attempted a Tragedy in a brilliant private circle, and his prodigious facility, his happy inspirations, the richness and harmony of his poetry, the grace of his gestures, and the dignity of his whole performance, excited the enthusiasm of all the company.

A young French poet, who possesses an astonishing facility, proposes to improvise publicly, in French, something still more extraordinary,—a Tragedy in five acts, and a grand Opera in three acts. This young man, M. Eugène de Pradel, has but just left Sainte Pelagie, where he has been imprisoned during five years for political opinions. During these five years he has applied closely to study, and has published several works in prose and in verse.

Last Sunday, the young Lyzt had his public Concert at the Italian Theatre, before a most numerous and brilliant assembly. He surpassed every idea that could have been formed of his powers of conception and execution. The pianistes were stupefied by the display of a talent for performing which could not be excelled, and the composers were equally wonder-struck at hearing a child amuse himself with all the difficulties of musical improvisation. Nothing was wanting to the triumph of the boy of twelve years. Enthusiastically applauded during the Concert, he was conducted, after the performance, into the *salon*, where the ladies overwhelmed him with kisses and sweetmeats. The young Lyzt is a native of Hungary; his family is poor, and he supports it by the produce of his talents.

Monsieur Pasta, without singing, makes just now more noise than his popular and celebrated wife, Madame Pasta, who is the ornament of our Italian Theatre. An Englishman of distinction, who frequented regularly the *Cercle* (a subscription club,) lost to a considerable amount whenever he played with M. Pasta. A waiter at the house, who observed the ill luck of the Englishman, one day gave him a hint to be cautious of the Italian; and at length the loser ventured to mention his suspicions to several subscribers. They watched M. Pasta very attentively, and discovered most clearly that he tricked very dexterously. He was immediately driven out of the society, but not till the *brave Anglais* had lost 60,000 francs. This scandalous affair is loudly bruited, and some fears are entertained that it may end in the silence of Madame Pasta at the Italian Theatre.

The death of our poor friend Langlés has opened a fine field for literary intrigue.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DISCHARGE OF CANNON BY STEAM.

THE ingenious Mr. Perkins, of Fleet Street, whose inventions in the engraving of steel, and improvements in the construction of steam-engines, we have often had occasion to notice, has brought to perfection a branch of art, on which there may be some difference of opinion—that of the more speedy destruction of our species! The fact, we believe, is as follows:—Mr. Perkins, while experimenting on the expansive force of steam, subjected to very elevated temperature, with the view of applying its power to the purposes of the steam-engine, was very naturally led to investigate its application in many other departments of Art, where great mechanical force was required; and among others, to that of discharging ordnance. We are enabled to give a brief description of the present apparatus; which is constructed with the view of showing the application of steam to this purpose, rather than as a model. A copper pipe of two inches diameter is connected at one extremity with the steam reservoir belonging to Mr. Perkins's improved engine, and at the other end with a chamber formed of metal flanges; into this chamber a strong gun-barrel is firmly screwed, so as to be perfectly air-tight, (and two others connected with it) and extended in a horizontal direction. From the upper portion of the chamber, two pipes or tubes project about 15 inches, of sufficient diameter to allow musket bullets to pass freely down, for the purpose of loading or shooting the gun. The steam being laid on the apparatus, nothing more is necessary than to lift the short lever

of a sliding valve, when the rush of steam into the chamber instantaneously discharges the bullet through the gun-barrel, with a force much greater than ordinary gunpowder. The bullets, being received against an iron target, are completely flattened.

Mr. Perkins threw into the pipe or feeder of the apparatus three or four bullets at a time, which were stopped in the gun-barrels more than once, from want of sufficient steam pressure at the moment. But it is obvious this may be avoided by giving any degree of pressure requisite. Mr. Perkins has not yet employed a greater power than about 35 atmospheres, though the strength of his apparatus would admit five times that power, if necessary. The apparatus is capable of discharging 160 balls per minute, or in fact, as fast as they can be put into feeders and the gun-barrel may be turned in any direction.

In applying steam for the discharge of ordnance, Mr. Perkins calculates, that so far from promoting the art of war, the tremendously destructive effects of cannon worked by this method would operate in a contrary way, by diminishing the inducement of nations to undertake naval warfare with such terrific agents.

We believe Messrs. Bolton and Watt made some experiments, many years back, with the view of discharging cannon by steam; but the plan was never carried into execution, from some cause with which we are not acquainted. It has also been said, that, in the event of a naval war with America, that aspiring nation has threatened to "blow us off the ocean" by means of steam in various modes of application. Should these dire alarms have the chance of being realized, we should recommend our Board of Admiralty to give directions for Perkinizing of ships of war without delay.

STATISTICS.—PARIS.

Statistical Inquiries respecting the City of Paris and the Department of the Seine; from Tables, drawn up and collected by order of Count Chabrol, the Prefect of the Department.

[Concluded.]

WE pass over the chapter on Agriculture to that on Consumption, which is divided into five tables. In the first is composed the consumption of liquors, eatables, forage, combustibles, building materials, &c. of all kinds, in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821. In 1821 there were consumed in Paris 813,066 hectolitres of wine, and 42,784 of brandy;—571,565 head of oxen, cows, calves, hogs and sheep; 867,984 francs worth of oysters, and 12 millions francs worth of beer and eggs; 94,018,996 kilogrammes of salt; 758,299 of tobacco; more than 20 millions trusses of wood; and two millions of hectolitres of charcoal. It appears that the consumption of coals increases yearly. In 1821, it amounted to 563,863 hectolitres. Its employment in the preparation of gas, and in a great many machines and factories, will increase the consumption still more; and it is to be feared that the consumption, becoming more rapid than the importations of this article, so valuable to industry and the arts, its price will become so much enhanced as at least to retard the execution of the various projects relating to inland navigation. The consumption of lime and plaster, and of bricks and tiles, has almost doubled in the last five or six years. This will not surprise those who consider that about a thousand houses are built annu-

ally; so that the aspect of Paris is changing with astonishing rapidity.

It appears, that on the average, the annual expense for bread of every inhabitant of Paris, is about 58 francs 64 centimes; of every family, 171 francs 21 centimes. It appears also, that the average annual value of cattle sold, during the last ten years, in the markets of Sceaux, Paris, and Poissy, has been above 30 millions of francs in oxen; above 12 millions in cows; five millions and a quarter in calves; and near nine millions in sheep. The average price of the first of the above classes of animals has been 301 francs 90 centimes; of the second, 179 francs 9 centimes; of the third, 67 francs 11 centimes; and of the last, 21 francs 21 centimes.

The chapter on Industry and Commerce contains numerous tables. That which exhibits the exports at the Custom-house of Paris, in 1819 and 1820, is not the least curious. In 1820, the total amount of their value was 47,714,284 francs; being above a million less than in the preceding year. In this account, silk and woollen stuffs and shawls are estimated at 8 millions of francs; the fashions, cloths, mercerizes, silk ribands, and other silk articles, and feathers, at 10 millions; skins at 2 millions and a half; clocks and watches at 1 million and a quarter; gold ware, jewellery, false pearls, and diamonds, at near 5 millions; furniture and toys at one million; glass at nearly one million; cambrics and lawns at 1 million; books at 2 millions and a half, &c. In 1821, the value of the exports diminished nearly 2 millions.

Paris exports above half the mercerizes, furniture, fashions, prints, &c. which are sent out of France; and three-fourths of the clocks and watches, instruments, medicines, wrought metals, gold-ware, objects of art, maps, prints, music, pottery, chemical productions, and silk fabrics. This will give an idea of the extent of its trade, and the importance of its industry. In these respects, the face of Paris is completely changed within the last thirty years. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that France has not its Liverpool; and that so much activity and intelligence is concentrated in a spot which almost absorbs that of the whole kingdom. The spirit of commerce is so prevalent in Paris, that while the duties on goods exported from the whole kingdom have increased only ten-fold from the year 1819 to the year 1821, the same duties on goods exported from Paris alone, have increased a hundred-fold in the same space of time. These duties are principally on refined sugar, and on cotton and woollen goods. Paris and its suburbs contain 25 sugar houses, the net profits of which are estimated at 1,281,052 francs. The charcoal and coals employed in these establishments cost annually near a million of francs, which sufficiently explains the scarcity of those articles; but the chemists are studying the means of reducing the demand for them.

The following details are as curious, though less important. Paris contains 9,761 shops for the sale of provisions; not including 5,000 traders that way in the halls and in the streets. The venders of wine alone are 2,333 in number; while there are but 560 bakers, 355 butchers, 927 eating-houses, and 787 coffee-houses. Thus it appears that the number of taverns is above four times that of bakehouses, and above six times that of

butchers' shops. It ought to be observed, however, that the last must not exceed a certain number.

From the year 1810 to the year 1821, the number of silk manufactories increased from 52 to 67. In 1813, 2,270,000 pair of stockings were manufactured, the current price of which, at that time, was 2 francs a pair; and 6,818,000 yards of silk, the price of which was 2 francs a yard. At present, the employment of machinery has diminished those prices a third. It is calculated that 1,500 work people, of both sexes and of all ages, are employed in these manufactories. From 7 to 8,000 are employed in the manufacture of gold and silver articles. In the year 1819, there were stamped in France, 6 millions of gold and silver articles, representing a value of 64 millions of francs. It is calculated that the gold manufactured in France, in 1819, amounted to thirty-eight hundredths of the gold annually brought into Europe.

One year with another, 120,000 watches and 15,000 clocks are sold in Paris, for about 20 millions of francs; the net profit on which is about 3 millions and a half.

Every year, from 35,000 to 40,000 horses or mules are brought to market. The average price of a horse is 165 francs 62 centimes. There are in Paris 12,800 horses belonging to individuals, and 3,500 to military men.

680 presses are actively employed in Paris, and from 3 to 4000 printers. It is estimated that of every hundred works published, 68 relate to the belles-lettres, history, or politics; 20 to the sciences and the arts; and 12 to theology and jurisprudence. The average price of a thousand copies of a printed sheet, paper included, is 62 francs. The annual consumption of paper is 356,000 reams, &c.

The tables which regard Finance remain to be noticed. Those of the sales of personal effects which took place in Paris for the ten years preceding 1822, present results curious, and entirely new, and which must have required the most laborious researches. The exactness with which they are drawn up leaves no doubt of the truth of the following facts:—1st. That the average annual amount of sales was 8,821,158 francs. 2dly. That four-tenths of those sales were voluntary; being nearly the same number as that of sales after decease. The rest have taken place at Mont-de-Piété, by the authority of law, or from desherence (want of lawful heirs.) 3dly. That books, and objects of art, (pictures, prints, bronzes, &c.) constituted two-fifteenths of the things sold; without speaking of Mont-de-Piété; where many of them were disposed of. The rest consisted, seven-tenths of furniture, three hundredths of stock in trade, &c. 4thly. That the loss incurred in re-selling such articles not impaired, comes to a third of the purchase money. 5thly. That the amount of a moderate set of furniture is generally equivalent to one year's income of its possessor; exclusively of large collections of books, and of matters of science and art.

The political economists have long required the remission of the duty on transfers, and all kinds of deeds, in order to multiply transactions and the circulation of things of value; but it may be easily believed that as long as the existing duties produce in six years the sum of 72,185,637 francs, as they did from 1815 to 1820, that is to say, above 12 millions a-year, the Treasury will abate no-

thing. Will it be credited, that during those six years, the number of deeds registered and of duties collected, amounted nearly to 4 millions; that is, to above 2,100 a-day! What motion, what activity, does not this immense quantity of business indicate!

The amount of the debts inscribed in the office for Mortgages, and the produce of the sales, are, one year with another, above 133 millions.

Another interesting table is that of Stamps. On the average, the stamps on articles of trade have produced annually about 1,200,000 francs; on white paper 1,800,000 francs; on journals, music, bills, advertisements, passports, &c. a million and a half. From 1815 to 1820 the number of passports fell off from 40,000 to 30,000. The journals on the contrary produced half as much again; and the advertisements nearly double.

Indirect Taxes produce on the average above 19 millions a-year. In 1821 the produce was half as much again as in 1816 and 1817. Of that sum the tax on liquors amount to 8 millions and a half; on oil to 1 million, on tobacco to 5 millions and a quarter, on public carriages to 1,400,000 francs. Cards alone produce 127,000 francs.

Among the games of chance, the Lottery ought to be mentioned; that gulf which is continually devouring the substance of the people. In the 5 years which elapsed from 1816 to 1820, the players at this game lost 32,194,000 francs; in other words, the fortunes of 4 or 5,000 families.

The Post-office collects annually, in Paris alone, about 4 millions and a quarter. The maximum of the receipts is always in January, and the minimum in September. Every day produces, one with another, 1,300 francs. 38,000 letters (of which 10,000 are for the little post,) and 35,000 periodical sheets and prospectuses, are thrown into the box daily.

The direct Taxes, according to a calculation made of the 14 years anterior to 1822, amounted in 1815 to about 22 millions a-year. At present they amount to 28 millions. Patents have risen from 4 millions to 5; doors and windows from 1,800,000 francs to 2 millions (a circumstance which has resulted from the numerous houses built within the last seven years); the land-tax from 11 millions and a half, to nearly 14, (resulting from the same cause, but capable of being traced further back.) At the foot of the table for 1816, it is stated—first, that there are reckoned in Paris 26,801 houses, and 920,238 doors and windows, or 34 and $\frac{1}{2}$ to each house; secondly, that in 15 years the number of buildings had increased by a fortie; thirdly, that the average duration of a house in Paris, a duration of course affected by circumstances, is 310 years and a half.

If Paris attracts to itself the greater portion of the commerce of France, it also furnishes very considerable sums to the state. A tenth of the sum paid by the whole of France to the Treasury is contributed by Paris; viz. one year with another, 81,428,366 francs. Of this sum the crown lands furnish 20 hundredths; the customs 6; the indirect taxes 24; the post 5; the lottery 8; the direct taxes 34; and games 7. Every inhabitant of Paris, one with another, pays 114 francs 2 centimes; while a Frenchman in general pays only 27 francs 61 centimes. A resident in Paris, therefore, pays four times as much to the state as a resident elsewhere.

Such is the substance of the 104 statistical tables, the publication of which we owe to the care of the Count de Chabrol. They are followed by an interesting report on the subject of widening the streets of Paris, and of introducing paved foot-ways, such as those in the principal cities and towns of England, Germany, and Italy.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

A new and corrected list of the Officers, Fellows, Associates, and Honorary Members of the Royal Society of Literature has just been put into our hands; and as it contains very important information upon one of the leading features of the Institution, we consider ourselves authorized to make a public use of this public document.

It is well known that when His Majesty, with the noble purpose of encouraging general literature in his peace-established realm, of his own royal suggestion directed the formation of this Society, He was graciously pleased to grant (besides an annual hundred guineas for Medals) the princely sum of 1000 guineas per annum, to be bestowed for life upon ten individuals who had distinguished themselves in the cultivation of letters, and who were to take the name and rank of Royal Associates. Farther, that His Majesty, in giving a carte blanche to the Council, authorizing them to appoint these Associates; expressly signified, that in this respect, as in every other proceeding of the Society, it was His desire that no party or political feelings should be permitted to have the slightest influence.

Acting upon this splendid bounty and truly liberal instruction, the Council have, we find, in the same impartial spirit, completed this great branch of their functions, by electing the following Ten Royal Associates from the class of Honorary Associates, previously balloted, and out of which the former are by the Constitution to be supplied.

We take the alphabetic order, and add a list of the principal works of each:—

1. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq. *The Friend, Essays—Lay Sermons—Translation of Wallenstein—Memoræ, a Tragedy—Poems, &c.*
2. The Rev. Edward Davies. *Celtic Researches—Mythology of the Ancients.*
3. The Rev. John Jamieson, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.A.E. *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language—Hermes Seytus— and other Works.*
4. The Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, M.A. F.R.S. *Essay on Population.*
5. Thomas James Mathias, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. *Runic Odes—On the Evidence relating to the Poems attributed to Rowley—The Shade of Alexander Pope—and various other Works.*
6. James Millingen, Esq. F.S.A. *Peintures Antiques inédites de Vases Grecs—Peintures de Vases Grecs, de la Collection de Sir John Coghill, Bart.—Recueil de quelques Médailles Grecques inédites—Medallie History of Napoleon.*
7. Sir William Ouseley, Knt. LL.D. *Persian Miscellanies—Oriental Collections—Travels in Persia, &c.—and other Works.*
8. William Roscoe, Esq. *Life of Lorenzo di Medicis—Life of Leo X.—&c. &c.*
9. The Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. F.S.A. *The Works of Spenser, &c.—Milton's Poetical Works, &c.; Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton—Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer—Memoirs*

* Elected by the Fellows, and in which the administration of the Society is vested.

† Composed of men of all opinions — need we instance the Bishops of St. David's and Chester; Lords Lansdowne, Clarendon, Morpeth, Grenville, the Chief Justice; the Hon. Agar Ellis; Sir T. D. Acland, Sir J. Mackintosh, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir A. Johnston; Archdeacon Nares, &c. &c.

of the Life and Writings of Bishop Walton, &c.—Johnson's Dictionary corrected, &c.

10. Sharon Turner, Esq. F.S.A. *History of the Anglo-Saxons, &c.—Vindication of the Genuineness of the Ancient British Poems of Amerin, Taliesin, Llywarchen, and Merdlin; to which is added, An Essay on the Antiquity of Rhyme in Europe; “The Volupta”—The History of England during the Middle Ages, &c. Prologues.*

When the public looks at this list: when it is seen that nothing but talent and learning have been considered in the elections which it announces, and that not the slightest complexion of politics or corrupt motive can be traced in it, we are convinced that it will be hailed as a most auspicious commencement of the Royal Society of Literature, and a just and anxious return to the expressed will of its august Founder.

Wishing not to extend this notice by any remarks, we shall simply add to the facts above stated (from the same published paper,) that the number of the Fellows now exceeds one hundred and fifty, including many names of the highest rank, and most eminent for learning; that the Honorary Associates embrace men of all persuasions (for we observe among its names those of Doctors of Divinity belonging to the Church of England, one of the most esteemed of the Dissenting Clergy, one a Roman Catholic, and another of the Society of Friends,*) and finally that the Honorary Members † are both Foreign and British persons of the greatest literary distinction.

* To illustrate this, we subjoin the list:—

Mr. Bernard Barton.
The Rev. Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, M.A. F.A.S.
Richard Dupper, Esq. LL.B.
William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S.
The Rev. Samuel Lee, M.A. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.
The Rev. John Lingard, D.D.
The Rev. George Millar, D.D.
Thomas Mitchell, Esq. M.A.
James Montgomery, Esq.
The Rev. James Parsons, B.D.
The Rev. Richard Polwhele.
The Rev. Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. Soc. Amer. Soc.
Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Sec. R.S.E.

† They are:—

The Rev. Archibald Alison, LL.B. F.R.S.L. & E.
The Right Rev. George Gleig, D.D. Chief Bishop of the Scots Episcopal Church.
M. Joseph Von Hammer, Aula Counsellor, and Oriental Interpreter to the Emperor of Austria.
The Most Rev. Wm. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.
Signor Angelo Mai, Librarian to the Vatican.
Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.
William Mitford, Esq. F.A.S.
James Rennell, Esq. F.R.S. Ed. Instit. Sc. Paris 'et Soc. R. Gott. Soc.
Henry Salt, Esq. F.R.S. His Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt.
M. William Augustus Von Schlegel, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Bonn.
Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. F.R.S. M.R.I. F.A.S. F.L.S.
Thomas Young, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.
Charles Wilkins, Esq. LL.D. F.R.S. R.A.S. Instit. Reg. Scien. Paris. Corresp. Acad. Reg. Monach. Soc.

At the last two General Meetings, Mr. Archdeacon Nares contributed a valuable paper on Palimpsest Manuscripts, of which we shall endeavour to render an account in our next Number.

CAMBRIDGE, March 12.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Jones, Fellow of St. John's College.
Masters of Arts.—F. E. J. Valpy, Trinity College; Rev. D. Tremlett, St. John's College.
Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. C. Rooks, Jesus College; G. H. Storie, H. G. Hulon, Trinity Hall, (compounder.)
Bachelor of Arts.—C. S. Mathews, Pembroke Hall.

OXFORD, March 13.—Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. A. Grayson, Principal of St. Edmund Hall.
Master of Arts.—Rev. J. D. Wingfield, Exeter College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. M. Collard, R. M. C. Hunt, Exeter College; C. R. M. Talbot, Oriel College; C. Turner, Wadham College.

FINE ARTS.

Skelton's *Engraved Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxfordshire, with Descriptive and Historical Notices.* Part I. Oxford 1824. Elephant 4to. J. Skelton, Oxford.

TWELVE quarterly parts are to complete the design, of which the first part, just published, claims our present attention. While so many of the counties of England have obtained meritorious historians, it is remarkable that neither of the two which hold the seats of learning have formed attractions for the pen of any diligent topographer and antiquarian. To supply this deficiency to a certain degree, as far as Oxford is concerned, Mr. Skelton has undertaken this publication; and with the aid of Mr. F. Mackenzie's pencil, from which the series of illustration, in the line manner of engraving, are made, and the literary help of a member of the University, he offers to preserve the most valuable and rapidly vanishing antiquities of Oxfordshire. The purpose is highly praiseworthy; and its execution bids fair to be as creditable to the pictorial and literary character of the individual, as the conception is to his taste and judgment. A rich frontispiece, though rather crowded with objects, and a fine vignette of Wroxton Abbey, usher us to two other plates of great beauty and considerable interest, viz. Stanton Harcourt Church, with Pope's Tower, and Ancient Kitchen, and the Spencer Aisle in Yarnton Church. Both these subjects are ably treated, and are unobjectionable as works of art, if we except a mere opinion, that they appear to be rather grey as engravings. They are in the Hundred of Wootton, the most extensive and populous in Oxfordshire; and one in which remains of ancient Roman art, connected with the Roman way, called Akeman Street, abound in good preservation. It also offers several specimens of ecclesiastical and monumental architecture, and many picturesque old manor houses, including Woodstock, an antique chimney of which forms another vignette ornament to this part. The letter-press is, as yet, too scanty to allow us to pass any sentence upon that portion of the publication; but we are free to say that not only those who, from local causes, feel an interest in this county, but the lovers of antiquarian researches generally, will only do justice to desert by encouraging the work.

* Author of *Oxoniana Antiqua Restaurata*, 2 vols. 4to., to which the volume in progress will be a very proper companion, though also a distinct Work.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

METRICAL TALES.

Tale IV.—THE TROUBADOUR.

Oh, sleep in silence, or but wake
The songs of sorrow, my loved lute!
Thou wert but waked by one sweet spell—
That spell is over, now be mute.

Yet, wake again, I pray thee, wake;
My soul yet lives upon the chords—
My heart must breathe its wrongs, or break:
Yet can it find relief in words!

My glorious laurel! pine and fade—

Oh, round some happier bard go twine—
Those bright green leaves were never made
To crown a brow so lorn as mine.

Break, break, my lute! fade, fade, my wreath!
Laurel and lute are dead for me;
Laurel and lute are vowed to Love;
And, Love, I dare not think on Thee.

It was a deep blue summer night,
A night with star gemmed coronal;
And music murmured thro' the dell,
A song sent from the waterfall.

And there was fragrance on the air;
For roses, like sweet lamps, so bright,
So red, so fresh, were shining there;
And jasmines with their silver light.

It was a night, soft as the hope,
Calm as the faith with which I said
Farewell to thee, my lovely one—
My Provençal rose, my fair haired ZAIDE.

She tied her white scarf on my breast,
She gave a bright curl from her brow,
Her rose-bud mouth to mine was prest—
Scarf, curl, and kiss, are with me now.

That kiss has been kept like the leaves
Of the young rose, or ere the sun,
Like love, has opened the sweet flower,
It fades while it is shining on.

That curl has waved amid the light
Of flashing steel and flying spear—
That scarf has been blood-dyed—I fought
In honour of my maiden dear!

And never did I wake my harp
To any name but hers—that one
I taught the gales of Palestine,
I taught the groves of Lebanon.

Again I sought her bower, and brought
A laurelled lute, a laurelled blade;
It was the same sweet summer night,
Of fragrant gales and moonlight shade.

The moon in the same beauty sailed,
The brook in liquid music ranged;
There stood the old accustomed oak,
But every other thing was changed.

The roses drooped, neglected; dead
Upon the ground the jasmines lay;
And little (my foreboding said,)
Has she thought on me while away;

Or she had sacred kept the bower,
The temple of our parting kiss,
For well love cherishes each thing
That has a memory of its bliss.

I stood beneath the old oak tree,
My harp was on my shoulder slung,
When suddenly a plaining breeze,
Like to a dirge, across it rung.

And almost, as in mockery,
Answered a light and cheerful sound—
Young voices singing to the flute,
And distant bells that pealed around.

I saw bright torches, and I went
To gaze upon the gay parade—
It was a bridal pageantry,
And the bride was my faithless ZAIDE!

Oh, worse than death! I had not thought
That such a thing could be; too well
My heart had loved, to deem that aught
Like falsehood could be possible.

Farewell then, ZAIDE, with that farewell
To all that bears a woman's name:
Heart, harp, and sword, were vowed to thee,
They'll never know another's claim.

I take thy white scarf from my heart,
And fling its fragments on the air;
Thy bright curl—no, I cannot part
With this one pledge—thy silken hair.

My heart is seared—I have lost all
My dreams of bliss, my golden store;
For, what is life when love is gone?
And what is love when hope is o'er? L. E. L.

LOVE'S PHASES.

When first I sued to MELA young,
Love's warmest accents graced my tongue,
Fresh from the heart, the heart to move,—
Both felt the gush,—twas Love, 'twas Love.

When MELA listened to my prayer,
With unbound zone and bosom bare,
Oh! ours were joys, all joys above,—
Twas *Madness*, but thy madness *Love*.

When passed that time of passion blast,
Strange fears invaded MELA's breast:
Against her former soul she strove,—
Twas *Prudence*,—still she called it *Love*.

When utter coldness came, and now
Another heard her faithless vow;
Though Love's name rang as fair as ever—
Twas *Treachery*—Love relieveth never.

TEUTHA.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. BOWDICH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

In our last publication, it was our painful duty to announce the death of this accomplished and enterprising individual. Having had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and consequently participating in a more than ordinary degree in the regret occasioned by this event, we can find no task more consolatory to our feelings than that of dedicating a portion of our columns to his memory.

Mr. BOWDICH was born in June 1793, at Bristol, where his father was a considerable manufacturer. At a very early age he was sent to the Grammar School of that city, and soon gave the strongest indications of those talents which distinguished him in future life. He was afterwards placed at a school at Corsham, in Wiltshire, of high classical reputation, and subsequently, for a short time, was attached to one of the Halls in Oxford, although, it is believed, he was never regularly matriculated.

At an early age, Mr. BOWDICH formed a matrimonial connexion, which proved his pride and solace in all the vicissitudes of his chequered life; and for some years he remained resident in Bristol, participating in his father's business.

A variety of circumstances, however, and especially a distaste for trade, induced him to seek a more congenial pursuit, and a near relative filling at that time an important situation on the gold coast, Mr. BOWDICH solicited, and obtained an appointment as writer in the service of the African Company.

He arrived at Cape Coast Castle in the year 1816, and was shortly afterwards joined by his wife, the cheerful participant of all his dangers, and the efficient assistant in his scientific labours. It being determined to send an embassy to the interior kingdom of Ashantee, a service in which few were willing to embark, Mr. BOWDICH promptly sought permission to lead or accompany it; but the circumstance of his being a husband and a father was felt to present a reason for refusing his request, till at length the urgency of his solicitation and the recollection of his talents prevailed, and he was appointed to the perilous enterprise. The mission was successful in all its objects, and Mr. BOWDICH fortunately achieved the distinction of being, amongst the many who had devoted themselves to the fearful object of exploring the interior of Africa, the only one whose labours were crowned with complete success. Never, perhaps, were prudence and intrepidity more required, or more strikingly exhibited, than in the progress of this mission. In illustration of the latter quality, we quote a passage from a despatch, written by Mr. BOWDICH at a moment when the fate of himself and his companions was suspended by a thread of the most fragile texture.

"But, Gentlemen, if in your better knowledge and reflection, you cannot, consistently with your honour and your trust, meet the king's demand, the history of our country has fortified our minds with the illustrious example of a Vansittart and his colleagues, who were situated as we are, when the dawn of British intercourse in India was scarcely more advanced than its dawn in Africa is now, and their last request to their council is our present conclusion to you. Do not put our lives in competition with the honour and interests of our country."

Returning to England to communicate the interesting and valuable details, which even the imminent perils of his situation had not diverted him from collecting, and to solicit the means of more extensive and efficient research, Mr. BOWDICH was greeted by all who were eminent in science or station, with the most flattering testimonials of the value of his discoveries and acknowledgments of the merits of his personal exertions.

Ever enthusiastic in the cause of science, he derived an additional stimulus from the applauses which were thus bestowed, and thenceforward had no object but to be allowed the means and opportunity of devoting his attainments and intrepidity to further researches in the interesting field he had already in part explored.

But, with his talents, Mr. BOWDICH possessed that very common, but unprofitable concomitant—a high and independent spirit, which could neither parley with expediency, nor yield up an honest conviction in deference to any superiority but that of intellect. Hence, it was his misfortune to offend the Company whom he served, by an exposure of abuses which has since led to its dissolution, and to draw down the enmity of a gentleman officially high and himself a distinguished African traveller,—offences sufficient to obliterate all the merits of brilliant and advantageous services, to erase all the written acknowledgments of his deserts—to cancel all those obligations which the devotion of his talents and the exposure of his life had created.*

Denied, through this predominating influence, any reward for past services, or the means of further exertion in the same cause, yet still bent on the prosecution of discovery, Mr. BOWDICH repaired to Paris, with the view of perfecting his knowledge of some of the physical sciences, by the means with which that city abounds. His reception here was as generous as flattering; Humboldt, Cuvier, Biot, Denon, in short, all the Savans, bestowed on him the most distinguishing attention; a public éloge was pronounced on him at a meeting of the Four Academies of the Institute, and an advantageous appointment offered by the French Government. Too much an Englishman, however, to accept this offer, Mr. BOWDICH continued in Paris considerable time, endeavouring to obtain, by his own industry, the means of pursuing the object of his fond ambition, and having at length effected the necessary arrangements, he took his departure from Europe, accompanied by his wife and two children, and bearing with him a painful recollection of the return he had received for his past efforts, but hoping, by further achievements in the field of science, to establish a stronger claim upon society at large, and to

* This is the strong language used to us; and we can only express our hope that no jealousy or selfish consideration could be the cause of such cruelty.—Ed. L. G.

wring, even from his adversaries, a reluctant assent to his merits.

Contemplating the renewal of his exploratory labours, Mr. BOWDICH, in an answer to an article in the Quarterly Review, has thus prophetically expressed himself—"I hope, I pray, that the feelings of the present members of the British Government may not be afflicted by the recollection that they have been *persuaded* to be unjust to me when it shall be too late to tell me so,—when a family which depends on me for support, will reply, that I have fallen in Africa, the victim of disinterested zeal and unsupported enterprise."

The first intelligence received of Mr. Bowdich is, that this prophecy has been realized, and that he has died a martyr in the cause to which he had dedicated himself, leaving an accomplished and amiable widow with three children totally unprovided for. Our limits will not allow us to do justice to Mr. Bowdich's talents and acquirements; they were, however, of a very high order. He was a profound classic and linguist, an excellent mathematician, well versed in most of the physical sciences, in ancient and modern history, and in polite literature.

Mr. BOWDICH was a member of many of the learned societies of this country and the continent, and, besides the very interesting account of his mission to Ashantee, was the author of several scientific works. In the death of such an individual, combining, as he did, so many valuable qualifications for a traveller, the cause of science has sustained a loss not easily to be repaired, and the country has to deplore the departure of a generous, and elevated spirit, whose affection could not be alienated even by the ingratitude he experienced.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY, SIGHTS OF LONDON, ETC.

No. II.

LET it be remembered, that, like the French Classics, all these Sketches are written by "one Tom," and, therefore, though we certainly sanction them by their publication, we must be allowed to say, that we think our coadjutor too flippant upon grave occasions. Let him look to it. ED.

Tom's Journal continued.

The Ramas!—One would think the population of the British Metropolis had turned Turk, and this was the season of the Ramadan; for we have the Diorama, Cosmorama, Panorama, Peristrophic-panorama, and Naturorama, all inviting the public to pay for a peep. I made my second visit to the Diorama the other day, which was clear and eligible for the purpose. This is really a charming illusion, by whatever means produced; by transparent colours, reflected lights, and the intervention of opaque or demi-opaque substances behind the pictures. The process is a triumph of art, and the curious will do well to see it before a change of scene takes place. The Valley of Sarnen, with its snow-topped mountains, its misty distances, its smiling slopes, its waters now lucent and now clouded, its picturesque cottages, its pastoral herds, (and not that little trick of a flowing rill), is a beautiful subject for contemplation. It perfects the idea of Switzerland in the untravelled spectator. The other piece, the Chapel of the Trinity in Canterbury Cathedral, is a good companion to the landscape; differing in character, and being equally well executed. I have discovered, by my pecu-

liar instinct in such matters, that these pictures are not entirely plain surfaces—let who will gainsay me; and I can whisper a secret, that some of our most distinguished artists are now busy on a production (something similar in principle) with which they hope to delight and astonish the world. In Paris, I observe, they have got a Diorama of the ruined Chapel of Holy-rood (as they call it, meaning, I suppose, St. Anthony's.) It is painted by Daguerre, and exhibited under varieties of moon and lamp-light. The effect of the latter in the hands of a mourning female, and deposited on a tomb, is said to be very touching;—*La mélancolie est friande*, quoth old Montaigne, and the Parisians here confess it.

The Panorama of Pompeii, in the Strand, represents an object of deep interest,—I do not mean from its having been buried so long. The view is taken from an angle so high as to present Pompeii in a light in which it never can be seen. But perhaps this was unavoidable, in order to display all its features. The design and execution are alike excellent. In one minute you must fancy yourself a creature of eighteen centuries ago—you were acquainted with the elder Pliny, and mourn his recent fate. Forum, and Temple, and Basilica, and Prison, at first strike the eye; but you soon enter into the far more romantic feeling, which is excited by the commonest objects—the ancient inn, with its broken cars and wine vessels; the baker's shop with its ovens and mills; the kitchen of Panza, with its stoves and paintings of viands;—these awaken strange thoughts, and the people, the occupations, the habits, the manners, the customs, the enjoyments of other times, are rapidly conjured up by the imagination, while the sight rests on so perfect a picture of their actual existence when sudden ruin overwhelmed them. It is the best revival of ancient recollections, nunc denuo.

The Cosmorama, in Regent-street, consists of a series of views, at which you look through powerfully magnifying glasses. They are ably done, and the gallery is a good resort for the youthful, but there should not be a shilling price for each side. A house divided cannot stand; and for persons bringing families to such sights, a shilling a head is poll-tax sufficient. On the one hand, there are seven well-chosen pieces belonging to Asia and Africa; and on the other, seven pertaining to Europe and America.

The Peristrophic I did not see, as it only works at stated hours, and I missed the right time. I hear, however, that it is a clever moving spectacle, and well worth visiting.

The Naturorama, in Bond-street, is, as its name indicates, a most particular humbug. Never grudged a shilling so much in my life; being a little vexed at finding myself so completely imposed upon. The halfpenny peep-shows in the streets are creditable performances of the fine arts in comparison with this trashy exhibition, which resembles them in character. You are allowed to look through glasses at miserable *models* of places, persons, and landscapes; while two or three nasty people sit eating onions and oranges in a corner of the room. In the Sights, the trees are less like nature than the worst artificial flowers ever worn by a May-day sweeper; the figures are contemptible, and the whole affair is wretched.

Went to the New Rooms in Suffolk-street, preparing for the New Association of Artists;

enough to make the Royal Academy do as I did,—look about them. There are seven fine apartments, one of them a noble and spacious saloon; and all apparently well lighted from the roof. In spite of the confusion of workmen, canvassing and papering, the forms and proportions struck me as being excellent; and certainly I have never seen so fit and appropriate a gallery for exhibitions.

Horticultural Society, on Tuesday. This nationally beneficial and admirably conducted Institution is always fully attended, and always offers something new in improvements for commendation. Though the great Enemy of gardening has only lately shown his bitterest power, before Spring forces him to retire, there were shown lettuces cultivated in the Dutch manner, and worthy (for size and flavour) of Summer's nourishment; succory, an excellent salad, grown in dark cellars, (being laid down like wine-bottles) and far superior to that produced in pots; apples, pears, and other fruits finely preserved in sand; the Azalea Indica, a pretty new flower (only two guineas a plant,) and beautiful seedling Camellias of various colours. Several valuable papers were also read, and seeds and plants distributed. As the season advances, the productions will of course be more remarkable, and I mean to attend the fortnight meetings.

Mr. Glover's Exhibition, in Bond-street,—as yet no novelty in his landscapes, but there are some portraits not likely to augment the painter's fame. In one, of a lady and a dog, the dog is clever —.

17th.—Went to Covent Garden Theatre, to see the new Comedy. At the entrance, the word "Full," on a board, stared me in the face, and I thought I should be a Fool to go into a house so circumstanced. Went, nevertheless, and found that I had not formed a wrong estimate of my own qualifications: every seat occupied—had some charming peeps through the little box windows, but could not catch a glimpse of the play of *Pride shall have a Fall*, and was only tantalized by seeing the play of the muscles in back views of pretty ladies' necks, and hearing the bursts of laughter elicited by the jokes on the stage. Resolved to take care of "Full" in future, but contented myself that in seeing such a house I had at any rate seen a *sight* in London.

The Theatrical Oratorios go on well and with deserved success, in spite of some very idle puffing about their "unprecedented combination of Native Talent."—*Native talent!* where three-fourths of the music (including *Jerusalem Delivered*, an entire Part,) is by continental composers, and the direction and management of the whole is by M. Bochsa, a foreigner!!

The Shakespearian Readings by Mr. Smart, began on Thursday night, this being his eighth season. The talent and ability of this gentleman command attention, and have made these Readings popular. It is pleasing to find new beauties in Shakespeare beyond those which we have already discovered in the closet, or on the stage, and Mr. Smart is eminently successful in eliciting this enjoyment. His powers of elocution are very great.

Ancient Pictures, Mr. Cauty's Great Room, Pall Mall—also a whole-length of Rossini, by his countryman Pistrucci. This portrait will prove how high British art stands in that department. It is sadly drawn, and sadly coloured; but a tolerable likeness. Among the old pictures there are some half dozen of a superior order, but I had not a catalogue,

and cannot from memory (after seeing so many sights) separate the good from the bad.

No public dinners this week;—Lent, indeed!!!

Ervats in No. I.—line 2, for establishing, read exhibiting; and line 13, for hind read hands. In following page, 1st line 2d col. for whether read whither.

Traditions of The Western Highlands.

NO. III.

Ewen of the Little Head.

ABOUT three hundred years ago, Ewen MacLaine, of Lochbuy, in the island of Mull, having been engaged in a quarrel with a neighbouring chief, a day was fixed for determining the affair by the sword. Lochbuy, before the day arrived, consulted a celebrated witch as to the result of the feud. The witch declared, that if Lochbuy's wife should on the morning of that day give him and his men food, unasked, he would be victorious; but if not, the result would be the reverse. This was a disheartening response for the unhappy votary, his wife being a noted shrew.

The fatal morning arrived, and the hour for meeting the enemy approached, but there appeared no symptoms of refreshment for Lochbuy and his men. At length the unfortunate man was compelled to ask his wife to supply them with food. She set down before them curds, but without spoons. When the husband inquired how they were to be eaten, she replied they should assume the bills of hens. The men ate the curds, as well as they could, with their hands; but Lochbuy himself ate none. After behaving with the greatest bravery in the bloody conflict which ensued, he fell covered with wounds, leaving his wife to the execution of his people. She is still known in that district under the appellation of *Corr dhu*, or the Black Crane.

But the miseries brought on the luckless Lochbuy by his wife did not end with his life, for he died fasting; and his ghost is frequently seen to this day riding the very horse on which he was mounted when he was killed. It was a small, but very neat and active pony, dun, or mouse-coloured, to which the Laird was much attached, and on which he had ridden for many years before his death. His appearance is as accurately described in the island of Mull as any steed is at Newmarket. The prints of his shoes are discerned by connoisseurs, and the rattling of his curb is recognised in the darkest night. He is not particular in regard to roads, for he goes up hill and down dale with equal velocity. His hard-fated rider still wears the same green cloak which covered him in his last battle; and he is particularly distinguished by the small size of his head, a peculiarity which, we suspect, the learned disciples of Spurzheim have never yet had the sagacity to discover as indicative of an extraordinary talent and incomparable perseverance in horsemanship.

It is now above three hundred years since Ewen a chin vig (Anglice, Hugh of the Little Head,) fell in the field of honour; but neither the vigour of the horse nor of the rider is yet diminished. His mournful duty has always been to attend the dying moments of every member of his own numerous tribe, and to escort the departed spirit on its long and arduous journey. He has been seen in the remotest of the Hebrides; and he has found his way to Ireland on these occasions long before steam navigation was invented. About a century ago he took a fancy for a young

man of his own race, and frequently did him the honour of placing him behind himself on horseback; he entered into conversation with him, and foretold many circumstances connected with the fate of his successors, which have undoubtedly since come to pass.

Many a long winter night have I listened to the feasts of Ewen a chin vig, the faithful and indefatigable guardian of his ancient family, in the hour of their last and greatest trial, affording an example worthy the imitation of every chief,—perhaps not beneath the notice of Glengarry himself.

About a dozen years since, some symptoms of Ewen's decay gave very general alarm to his friends. He accosted one of his own people, (indeed he never has been known to notice any other,) and shaking him cordially by the hand, he attempted to place him on the saddle behind him, but the uncourteous dog declined the honour. Ewen struggled hard, but the clown was a great, strong, clumsy fellow, and stuck to the earth with all his might. He candidly acknowledged, however, that his Chief would have prevailed, had it not been for a birch-tree which stood by, and which he got within the fold of his left arm. The contest became then very warm indeed, and the tree was certainly twisted like an osier, as thousands can testify who saw it as well as myself. At length, however, Ewen lost his seat for the first time! and the instant the pony found he was his own master, he set off with the fleetness of lightning. Ewen immediately pursued his steed, and the wearied rustic sped his way homeward. It was the general opinion that Ewen found considerable difficulty in catching the horse; but I was happy to learn that he had unquestionably succeeded, as he has been lately seen riding the old mouse-coloured pony without the least change on either the horse or the rider. Long may they continue so!

Many a highland chief strutted along the streets of Edinburgh on a late memorable occasion, with a tail full twenty yards in length, who did not enjoy half so much of the love of his people as does poor *Ewen a chin rig* at this day.

Those who from motives of piety or curiosity have visited the sacred island of Iona,

must remember to have seen the guide point

to the Tomb of Ewen, with his figure on

horseback, very elegantly sculptured in alto-

releve; and many of the above facts are at

the same time related.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

THE marriage of Lachlan MacLean, of Duart, to Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyle, in the 15th century, was not the first matrimonial alliance which had taken place between these two powerful families; neither was she offered as a sacrifice to quiet mutual feud, as there is no authority for saying that such had previously existed between them. Had Lady Elizabeth had son, she would not have been the first of that illustrious house who had given a chief to the Macleans; but she was unfortunately childless, and from this proceeded the events which Holcroft and Miss Baillie have made a subject for the drama.

MacLean having no issue by the daughter of Argyle, became unfaithful to her bed, and had at least one child in adultery. He was named Patrick, and was abbot of Iona. The consequence was unhappy for both parties, and after many domestic broils, the Lady attempted to administer poison to her husband in caudle,

which he was in the habit of taking at night. A woman who was not in the secret, happened to swallow a portion of the poisoned draught, and her sudden illness created alarm. The remaining part was given to dogs, and their speedy death confirmed the suspicion. Lady Elizabeth was put on a rock to perish by the approaching tide, but her life was saved by four brothers of the name of MacLean, who conveyed her to the mainland. They never again returned to Mull, but assumed the name of Macinlerain, under which appellation many of their descendants are still to be found in Argyle and Craignesh.*

Such is the story as preserved by tradition in the Hebrides, and it is in a great measure confirmed by other evidence. The probability is, that MacLean had given orders that his wife should be immediately drowned, the capital punishment which the feudal laws directed for women of a certain rank. It seems likely that the persons who were charged with the execution of the deed, had put her on the rock, either to avoid the horror of witnessing her death, or to favour her escape, as it is evident that this rock would never have been deliberately chosen for the fatal purpose, because it is in a very public situation, and is covered by the sea at spring tides only.

It is said that MacLean concealed the fate of his wife, and that soon after her pretended decease he made a visit of condolence to his father-in-law, in whose house, it is said, he was confronted with herself in person. It is hardly credible that MacLean would have voluntarily put himself in the power of a man whom he had so deeply injured, and conscious as he must have been that the truth was known to many; but if he did so, it appears still more strange that Argyle should not have given him cause to repeat his base dissimulation. It is however unquestionably true that MacLean received no injury at that time from Argyle, his son, or any other; and it is equally certain that he was soon thereafter married to a daughter of Campbell, of Auchnanbreck, then the second family of that name, in power and splendour.

Argyle was chancellor of Scotland and justice of the Isles; and if MacLean had attempted to put his daughter to death without due cause, it was his duty as a parent, a magistrate, and a judge, to have brought him to trial, nor is it likely that he would have escaped condign punishment. This, however, was not done; but MacLean was afterwards murdered in his bed in Edinburgh, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, by the son of Argyle, denominated John of Lorne in the "Family Legend." It seems therefore reasonable to infer, that the conduct of MacLean to his Lady, harsh as it was, must have been considered justifiable in him as a feudal baron. John would never have forfeited his own life to the law to avenge his sister's wrongs by the murder of MacLean, if he could have attained his object by legal means; nor would the high-minded family of Auchnanbreck have condescended to an alliance with a man under disgrace. The opinion which the world entertained of MacLean's murder at the time, may be gathered from the following fragment of a ballad composed on that occasion, and quoted in a manuscript history of the Argyle family:

Fie, John, for shame! ye're sair to blame,

Ye played an ugly prank o't,

To steal sae wily to his bed,

And prick him in his blanket.

* They take the name of MacLean generally in English.

Had ye sae thick been wi' auld Nick
Afore ye gaed to Cawdor,
Ye might return into your den
Without Morilla Calder.

This John was the first Campbell of Calder, and the last lines allude to the extraordinary manner in which he obtained possession of that heiress and her estate.* This marriage is not mentioned in any printed account we have seen of the Argyle family, and the Lady is now denominated Helen.

* The history of this abduction of the heiress of Cawdor was narrated in the last Number of these Traditions, in the story of *Morilla Calder*.

DRAMA. COVENT GARDEN.

THE SUCCESS of the new Comedy is even greater than we had anticipated. The House upon each representation has been truly "crammed to the ceiling," and the applause which accompanies it is loud and uninterrupted. Miss Paton, we are glad to see, has at last thought proper to throw something like feeling into her acting, and we congratulate her upon this salutary change.* A dramatic writer, let him be as highly gifted as he may, finds impediments now thrown in his way from the natural difficulties attending the novelty of his situation—and it is therefore a little hard, when he shall have surmounted all these obstacles, and obtained the favour of the Manager and Licenser—either of which is no very easy task in these "degenerate days"—to find his efforts frustrated, and his hopes of fame and fortune thrown into jeopardy by the caprice or jealousy of any of the performers. That this occurs but rarely we would fain acknowledge; and we are only induced to mention it in the present instance, because it is a subject that the audience never seem to trouble themselves about. They will condemn an Author who fails to please them, without the slightest remorse, but if a favourite Actor walk through his part with the most marked carelessness, they are content to pass it over, and leave the matter to be settled behind the curtain; or perhaps attribute the effect that is produced upon them solely to the dulness of the play. But enough of this. Nothing can go off better than the Comedy now does. The satirical pleasantness of some parts of the dialogue, and the poetical beauties of others, have each their respective admirers; and the Hussars, who seem to be great favourites, also excite no small degree of merriment. Jones, in the principal character, is like quicksilver from beginning to end—his energy and activity seem to know no bounds;—whilst Yates's assumed listlessness and affectation are no less appropriate and well timed. Neither must we forget Mrs. Davenport, "herself a kast," and Farren, whose acting, whether his part be good or bad, is uniformly characterized by zeal and ability.

We see by the Glasgow Journals that Mr. Macready is gathering not merely "golden opinions" in that city, but with Miss F. H. Kelly, as the heroine, in the best Tragedies

* Though we spoke plainly of Miss Paton last week we are warm admirers of her musical talents, and not disposed to think ill of her histrionic capabilities; but the truth is (and we do not say so of her in particular) that the Drama is as seriously injured by the pride, vanity, affectation, and perverseness of some of the leading Performers, as by any other cause whatever.

on the Stage, he is attracting Houses as crowded and brilliant as they are enthusiastic in admiration.

POLITICS.

A DEBATE in the Commons on the difficult question of our West India relations, is the only important news of the week: Ministers, by a straight-forward explanation of their views, disarmed Opposition, and almost reconciled the jarring interests embarked on this troubled sea. Some interesting discussions on Trade and Commerce have also taken place.

VARIETIES.

The English frigate Minerve, commanded by Capt. Brenton, unfortunately ran ashore near Cherbourg. A sailor, who had both his legs shot off while endeavouring to heave her into deep water, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told that the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts, "Then d— the legs," exclaimed the poor fellow; and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slacked his tourniquets and bled to death.—*Brenton's Naval History*, Vol. III.

After the action of Trafalgar, the Donegal, Capt. Malcolm, was at anchor off Cadiz in a violent gale of wind, with upwards of 600 prisoners then on deck. An unfortunate Spaniard fell overboard. Notwithstanding the sea was then running so high that they had not ventured a boat out for twelve hours before, two seamen jumped on the gangway; "Suppose he is a Spaniard, (cried one,) it's no reason the poor—should be drowned!" and they instantly dashed overboard to his rescue, while the admiring Spaniards were lost in astonishment at so daring an act. The poor man, however, sunk, and was drowned just as one of the English seamen, Joe Thompson, was about to lay hold of him. A boat was immediately hoisted out, and fortunately the two gallant fellows got safe on board.—*Id.*

IMPROVISED

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O'SHANNON.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The King, who may be truly styled the patron of the sciences and of learned men, has been pleased to patronize Professor Schlegel's intended publication, entitled "Rāmāyana," (advertised as preparing for the press by Treuttel, Würtz, & Co.) by allowing the learned Author the honour of placing His Majesty's name at the head of the list of subscribers.

Nearly ready for publication, a small volume, to be entitled "The Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland; or an Inquiry into the State of the Public Journals, chiefly as respects their moral and political Influence."

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems, by L. E. L. will be ready for publication about the middle of next month.

The Loves of the Colours, and other Poems, is announced.

Captain Rock is expected next week. He writes, we hear, in prose.

Mr. Henry Neale, whose Poems have been noticed in the *Lit. Gaz.* is about to bring out an edition of Shakespeare's Plays, in monthly Parts, with Engravings.

Domestic Duties, or Conversations on the Social Relationships and various Duties of the Married State, is announced by Mrs. Frances Parkes.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Boaden, the intelligent author of the "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Shakespeare Portraits," is at present busily employed upon a Life of the late Mr. Kemble. It will extend, we are informed, to two octavo volumes, and comprise not only the Biography of the great Actor himself, but likewise an account of every thing relating to the Stage that has occurred during the last forty years—a Work that cannot fail to be highly interesting to the admirers of the Drama.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Brenton's Naval History, vol. 3, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—Wal-lace's Memoirs of India, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*—M'-Queen on the West India Colonies, 8vo. 1*l.* 2*s.*—Dyer's Privileges of Cambridge, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 2*s.*—Landon's Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.*—The Spanish Daughter, Tale, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.*—Hofer, the Tyrolean, 18mo. 1*l.* 6*d.*—Philip's Memoirs of Mrs. Matilda Smith, 8vo. 6*s.*—Bounden's Deserted City, and other Poems, 12mo. 6*s.*—Smith's English Flora, vols. 1 & 2, 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*—Mott's Sacred Melodies, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Rural Rambles, 18mo. 2*s.*—The Chemical Decompositions of the New London Pharmacopeia, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Townley's Essays on Ecclesiastic History, 8vo. 5*s.*

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	Thermometer.	Barometer.
March.		
Thursday..... 11	from 46 to 29	29.95 to 29.56
Friday..... 12	42—38	29.99 to 29.90
Saturday..... 13	43—38	29.42 to 29.24
Sunday..... 14	48—31	29.95 to 29.68
Monday..... 15	47—37	29.96 to 29.84
Tuesday..... 16	54—39	29.90 to 29.88
Wednesday.... 17	55—38	30.13 to 30.01

Wind SW. and NW. Alternately fine and stormy. Several hail storms on the 12th; the stones rather large. A few claps of thunder in the SW. on the 13th.—Rain fallen, 425 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We boasted, last week, of having the chance of overtaking some of our Reviewing arrears, in consequence of the slackness of new publications; but the old proverb says truly, "Do not halloo till out of the wood." From thirty to fifty volumes have reached us this week; nevertheless we shall make forced marches, and trust to satisfy our readers with an early and complete notice of every striking novelty.

Our Monthly Medical Report, and several other valued articles, are of necessity postponed. We hope our readers, especially mammas, will take care of their healths, and the healths of those belonging to them, till next Saturday, when they shall have farther advice.

A Constant Reader is informed, that individuals desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, must be recommended by three Fellows, a list of which body may be obtained at the Society's Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. No specific qualifications are necessary for candidates.

J. M.'s Communication would be misplaced in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*; but it would be valuable to any Newspaper, and interesting to the public.

W. C. is too long for us.—We will inquire into A Traveller's complaint.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROSASPINA'S PINACOTECA OF BOLOGNA.—Messrs. HURST, ROBINSON, & Co., Cheshire, and 8, Pall-Mall, beg to inform the Subscribers to this Work, that No. V. of the same is arrived, and may be had of them, on application as above.

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